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HANNEN SWAFFER on THE MODERN CHORUS GIRL

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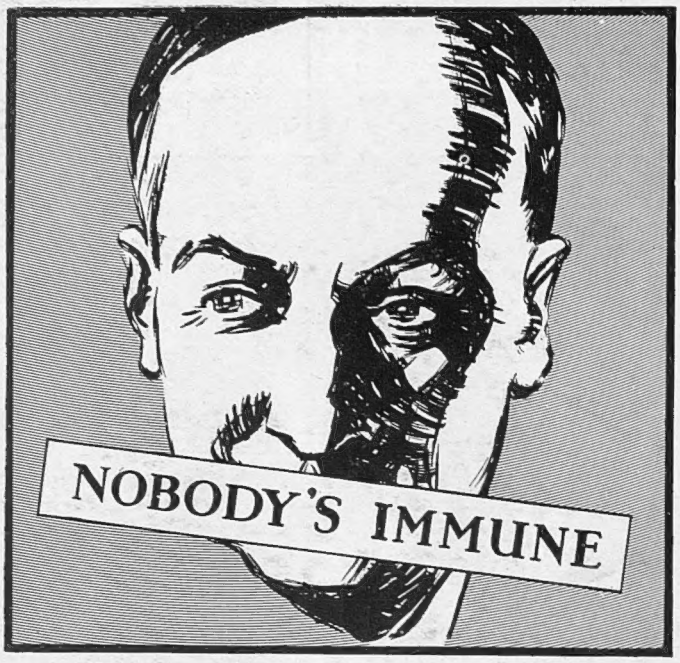

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The Bystander, March 13, 1929

No. 1317. Vol. CI.

The BYSTANDER

BYSTANDER *Exclusive Colour Photograph* *Raphael*

THE TWINS NOW PARTED

The Hon. Margaret Hore-Ruthven (right), with her twin sister, Alison, whose marriage to Mr. John Leighton Barran, the son of Sir John Barran, took place on March 5th at the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks. The Hon. Margaret was a bridesmaid at her twin's wedding

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A Sunshine Bride

As an augury of future happiness, the sun broke from its recent retirement behind snow-clouds and fog to make the marriage of Lord Ruthven's daughter a particularly picturesque affair. I walked across St. James's Park to the Guards' Chapel, where the ceremony was to take place, in the best of spirits, and the sunshine seemed to have awakened a similar elation in the congregation who attended what might be termed the marriage and separation of the Hon. Alison Hore-Ruthven. For if she was married to Mr. John Barran she will now be generally separated from her twin sister, the Hon. Margaret Hore-Ruthven.

The Bride's Pet Dog

THE bride and her sister drove to the ceremony with their father, Major-General Lord Ruthven, who, as an officer in the Brigade, was entitled to have his daughter married in the Guards' Chapel, though the addition of the bride's pet dog hardly seemed essential or entirely proper to the spirit of the occasion. The fashions of Hollywood, however, seem everywhere irresistible in these days.

Brown Hooks and Eyes

THE Chapel was almost uncomfortably crowded, but I eventually found myself behind an expanse of morning coat that I later found to belong to Lord Aberconway and within sight of the pretty Princess Cecile of Greece.

The sparse gleams of sunshine that crept through the windows reminded me of warmer days and Lord Aberconway's lovely villa and property on the Cap D'Antibes. By the way, I have not seen it generally referred to that Sir John Barran, the father of the bridegroom, was, during ten years in the House of Commons as Liberal Member for Hawick Burghs, Parliamentary Secretary to the Postmaster-General, the Home Secretary, and the Prime Minister, who was then Mr. Asquith. Sir John Barran married the daughter of a minister in New York, Miss Leighton Parks.

I looked to see if Lady Barran, who is a very intelligent and very good-looking woman, was dressed in brown at the wedding, for, owing to her partiality to this colour, it was once said of her "that even her hooks and eyes were brown."

Lord Lonsdale—Sportsman

THERE is no more popular figure in the world of sport than Lord Lonsdale, an exclusive photograph of whom appears on page 501, for, although the English delight in misusing the word "sportsman," they are very quick to appreciate and honour the genuine article when they meet it. For many years that sturdy figure with the inevitable cigar and buttonhole has been loved by all classes of the community, from kings to costers, for his unassuming good-fellowship and his fostering of all that is best and most British in the world of sport. A story is told that, on one occasion, when Lord Lonsdale visited the National Sporting Club for an important fight, he was relieved of his cigar-case and note-book by a light-fingered opportunist. The next day both were returned intact with an anonymous but abjectly apologetic note. Apparently the crush was so great that the pickpocket failed to recognise his victim until he examined his spoil.

A Quick Brain

UNLIKE some patrons of sport, Lord Lonsdale has a remarkably keen brain and a refreshing sense of

THE HON. ANTONIA BENSON

Whose marriage to Mr. John Tennant, the eldest surviving son of the Rt. Hon. H. J. Tennant and of Mrs. Tennant, will take place shortly. She is the eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Charnwood

MISS JAN RICARDO

The elder daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Ricardo, of Hook Hall, Surbiton. She is engaged to marry Major F. A. M. Browning, D.S.O., of the Grenadier Guards

LORD LONSDALE AND SPORT

humour. It was typical of him to accept the invitation of the National Greyhound Racing Society to address them when they heard that he was attending a dinner in the same hotel at which they were holding theirs. With the greatest good nature, he proceeded to let drive at the assembled company, and his victims enjoyed the strafe every whit as much as he did. Now, in his seventy-second year, he occupies one of the editorial chairs on the new Lonsdale Library of Sport, which is coming out this year, and everyone who knows him has no doubt of the success of his literary efforts.

Mme. Helen M. Kelly, formerly Princess Vlora and earlier Mrs. Frank Jay Gould, with her two wild Desert Foxes. She is staying in Algiers, which is very full just now; and in the background is seen the famous L'Algeria Hotel belonging to the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique in this gay and popular North African capital

Lady Allendale

I SEE Lady Allendale is to be in the chair at the Liberals' meeting for City girls on Thursday, March 14, at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street. They evidently believe in appealing to the new voter through speakers of her own age. Miss Megan Lloyd George is to be present as a representative of Wales, while Miss Margaret Deas, an "Undergraduette" of Newnham, will stand for Scotland, and Miss Nancy Stewart Parnell for Ireland. Lady Allendale, who represents England, is the daughter of the late Sir Charles Seeley, and sister of the present baronet, Sir Hugh Seeley, who was High Sheriff of

THE CAIRO SEASON

Spectators seen in the Members' Enclosure on the racecourse at Heliopolis. Prominent among them is the Aga Khan, who is seen in a light hat and overcoat in the centre of the group

The G.O.M. of SPORT

BYSTANDER *Exclusive Studio Portrait* *Howard Coster*

THE EARL OF LONSDALE, K.G., G.C.V.O., D.L.

Wherever sport is spoken of the name of Lord Lonsdale is paramount amongst patrons of every form of sporting activity. It will be interesting to our readers to learn that his Lordship is the principal editor of the Lonsdale Library of Sport, to be published shortly by Seeley, Service and Co., Ltd. The above portrait was specially taken for THE BYSTANDER *at a recent sitting given to our photographer, Mr Howard Coster*

NEWLY MARRIED CELEBRITIES AND THE CAMERA

Mr. and Mrs. Guevara, whose marriage a short time ago created so much interest, photographed after their honeymoon. Mrs. Guevara, who was, of course, Miss Meraud Guinness, is an artist, as is her husband, and was responsible for some of the decorations in C. B. Cochran's 1929 revue

Al Jolson, the creator of the part of the Singing Fool, the super sobstuff "talkie," with his wife, formerly Ruby Keeler

"Mr. E. Wallace"—as he was described recently —directing Miss Janie Adair in his new film, "Red Studios at

Nottinghamshire, and sat in the House as M.P. for East Norfolk in 1923. At No. 144, Piccadilly, Lady Allendale is the neighbour of the Duchess of York, and her three children are playmates of the little Princess. It was at her Yorkshire home, Bretton Park, Wakefield, that there was an outbreak of fire during a visit of Princess Mary, and she and Lady Allendale were the first to make for the nurseries. Fortunately, no one was injured, though several valuable treasures were lost. It was on account of the claims on her time of a young family that Lady Allendale refused the invitation of one of the divisions of Newcastle to stand as prospective Liberal candidate. She is active in the Party, however, appearing on the platform for other candidates, and is a most attractive speaker.

BYSTANDER CALLING:

Sorry to Tr-r-rouble you, but—

Next week you will read

HANNEN SWAFFER on "I Debate with Shaw."

ETHEL MANNIN on "Men I Have Met."

DOROTHY BUCK'S Short Story "The White Pomeranian."

Also

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AND ALL USUAL FEATURES.

An Apology

In our issue of February 13 we inserted a picture showing various public men standing at the Cocktail Bar at Ciro's Club. Among the persons depicted was our old and personal friend, Sir William Bull, M.P. We had obtained Sir William's permission to make a sketch of him, but he had no idea that it was to be in any sense a caricature, and naturally therefore knew nothing as to the form it was to take. Sir William now informs us that he strongly objects to the style of the cartoon and to the fact that it has been reproduced and circulated by the Club, the more so in that as it happens he has never taken a cocktail in Ciro's Bar. We extremely regret having in any way hurt Sir William's feelings, and sincerely apologise to Sir William for any annoyance it may have caused him.

A Bombing Argument

Just before Sir Berkeley Moynihan was created a peer in the delayed Honours List, he made a speech pleading for the abolition of chemical destruction in war, and referred to the dropping of plague bacilli by the Germans during the war. On the day of the announcement of his peerage a letter was published from Baron Sthamer, the German Ambassador, in which he said: "I have been authorised by the German Government to state that the allegation is without the slightest foundation . . . bombs thrown by the German Air Force have never carried plague bacilli of any kind."

Bearing this official corroboration, the denial almost banished stray suspicions of its truth evoked by the recollection of who was responsible for the first attacks by gas and liquid fire. Sir Berkeley Moynihan, however, was not so easily contradicted. In an immediate reply he pointed out that in the "Official History of the War" it was stated that "material

THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER'S FINE BAG

dropped by an enemy balloon revealed that bacilli resembling the Bacillus pestis had been isolated." So far there has been no reply to that.

Sir Berkeley Moynihan is a man of enormous energy, and has one of those astonishing memories that Lord Oxford and Asquith possessed.

An Artist's Tragedy

IT is a far cry from St. James's to Naples. Yet between an exhibition of paintings in King Street and the death of a sculptor at the Italian seaport there is a strand of human tragedy. Amadeo Modigliani, whose work at the Lefevre Galleries has been so loudly acclaimed by the critics, died in 1920 in poverty and in hospital at the age of thirty-six. It is said that in a few years his pictures may achieve the esteem—and some of the price—of old masters.

Hard Times

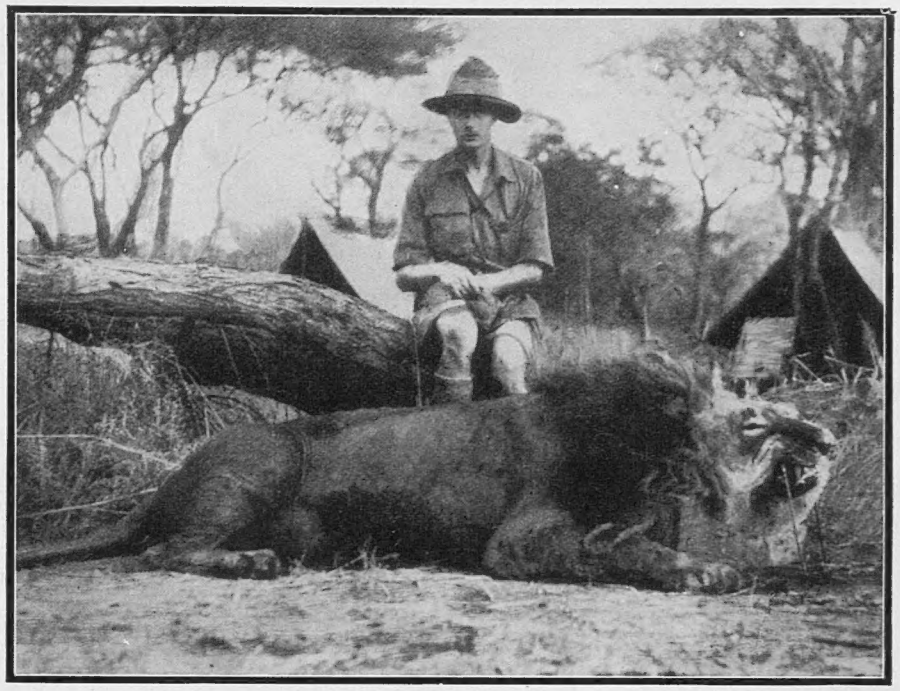
IN Paris, where he lived after leaving Livorno in his native Italy, he could not exchange his drawings for a drink at the Café du Dome, in Montparnasse, and his paintings were too modern for the collectors in the Rue de la Boetie. The Italian sculptor was Vincenzo Gemito. He has just died in Naples at the age of seventy-seven. He was famous when Verdi was writing his operas. Four years ago Gemito came to London in the forlorn attempt to sell some of his really exquisite work and make money. I happened to meet him, and he told me then—or rather his sister translated his Italian into Italian-French—an amazing story of how at the height of his success he was kidnapped by rivals.

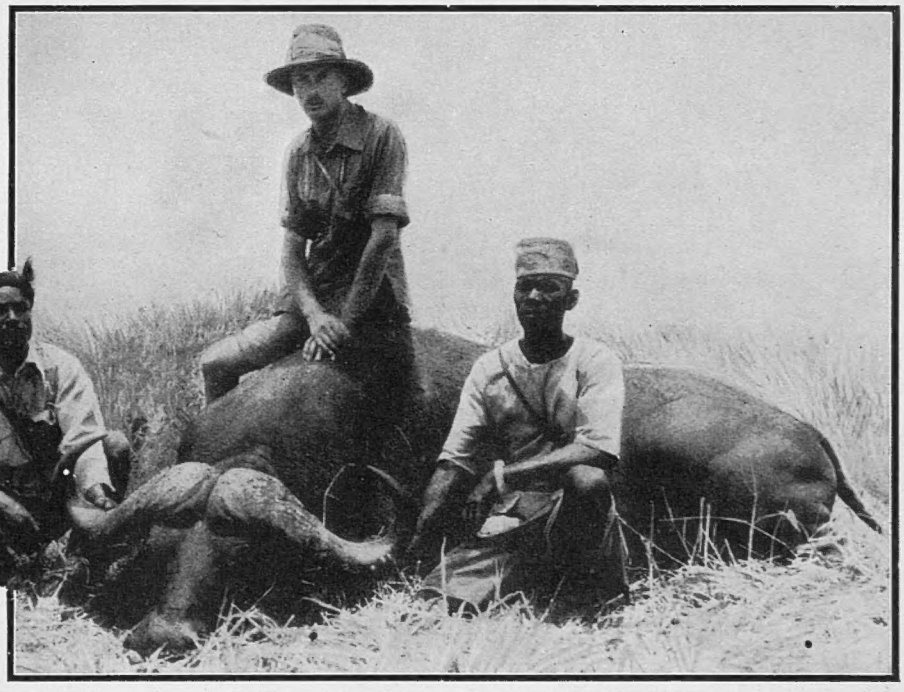
Royal Patrons

THEY kept Gemito there for nine months, but for twenty and more years after, they held him in comparative captivity by the threat of putting him back in the asylum. It was believed by the world that he had gone mad, but as this happened at a time when Italy was little removed from the violent emotions of the Middle Ages, his story, I always felt, was likely to be true.

Gemito was probably the last sculptor to be patronised in the old mediæval manner by Kings. The late Czar, King Leopold of Belgium, the late King of Spain, King Francis II of Naples, all summoned him to their Courts, where he executed their orders.

(Continued on page 505)





THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER'S SHIKARI

Two photographs taken on the Duke of Gloucester's Big Game Expedition in East Africa. In the upper one he is seen with a fine lion which he shot on a hill by Lake Rahwa, in Tanganyika, and in the lower, with one of the two buffaloes he killed with a right and left at a range of 260 yards

at a literary dinner and as such pronounced unknown Aces." This film is being made at the British Lion Beaconsfield

A BEAUTIFUL SOCIETY HOSTESS

Hugh Cecil

MRS. GERARD LEIGH

One of the organisers of the Ball on behalf of the Prince of Wales Sea Training Hostel and the Empire Memorial Hostel Fund which will take place at Claridge's next Tuesday, March 19. She is one of the most popular of Society hostesses. Her husband served in the Life Guards

THE PRINCE AND THE SERVICES BOXING TOURNAMENT

(Continued from page 503)

usually for portrait busts of themselves. One of his best works, "The Water Carrier," in spirit and execution rather like the Piccadilly Eros, is in the Luxembourg Museum, Paris; and Paris, by the way, made him a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour before he was thirty. Forty years later only a grant from Mussolini saved him from dying of starvation.

Boxing in the Services

NOWADAYS many "great" fights between professionals who take the ring at fabulous figures fizzle out abruptly in an early round. There is a lot of ballet-dancing, bear-hugging, and similar displays of ringcraft, but precious little honest-to-goodness hitting. For such gentry I would strongly recommend a visit to the Inter-Services Boxing Finals next year, and if the boxing then is anything like as good as it was at the Stadium Club, where the finals took place last Thursday, it should open their eyes. Offence, we have been told, is the best form of defence, and judging by the robust, but by no means unscientific, way in which the different bouts were fought it would seem that they have taken the truism to heart in the Services, for they certainly go hard at it in the ring.

THE HON. MRS. REGINALD FELLOWES

Who is working hard on the organising of the Empire Fellowship Ball to be held at 46, Upper Grosvenor Street, kindly lent by Mrs. Firman Hartog, on March 19. The Prince of Wales has promised to be present after the Master Mariners' Dinner

Dorothy Wilding

THE COUNTESS OF AIRLIE

Who, with Mrs. Gerard Leigh, is organising the Ball in aid of the Prince of Wales Sea Training Hostel and Empire Memorial Hostel Fund. Her brother-in-law, the Hon. Bruce Ogilvy, is Equerry-in-Ordinary to the Prince of Wales

Royal Interest

THE PRINCE OF WALES, who is, of course, very keen on boxing, arrived at the Stadium Club about ten-thirty. He came on from the Institute of Marine Engineers banquet at the Guildhall, and it was typical of his care for small details that he changed his full evening dress for a dinner jacket and black tie. The Service finals are by no means a "dressy" occasion, and the Prince's act in making the change was a happy one.

LLOYD GEORGE'S PRETTY NOSEGAY:

By KIM

Illustrations by
NORMAN KAY

"These noble figures after five years of rulership of the Empire do not seem to be very inspiring"

As between friends now—and strictly *entre nous* — the artful L. G. got away with his speech at the Connaught Rooms the other day, when he said that Mr. Baldwin had no cure for unemployment except the dole; that he (L. G.) had; that his scheme would be self-supporting, and cost the country nothing. L. G. is very clever at producing presentation bouquets from nowhere at unexpected moments. In his romantic way he has often discovered an Aladdin's Cave, such as growing waving corn in the deer forests of Sutherlandshire, and invariably, when the enthusiasm has died down, it has been realised that L. G.'s discoveries of undeveloped wealth are but mirages. Nevertheless . . . the bouquet he offers the Flapper Vote is deceptive. It is a gaily covered nosegay, though the flowers fade at once . . . and meanwhile the Tory leaders are some way behind with inferior-looking gifts.

Besides, the Tories don't know how to offer their hearts and hands with the *éclat* of L. G. They are awkward, supercilious, and have never learnt the delicate art of deportment by which a man may woo a political maid. Papa Baldwin will not get away with it merely because he gave the Flapper her vote. Not a bit of it . . . Then Austen, with his League of Nations nosegay. Well, does it cut any ice? Don't people say, "Whenever Britain gets into a Disarmament argument they demand that she shall let others rule the waves whilst they shall waive the rules"? Austen for over five years has allowed God's Own Country to dictate to poor old John Bull without Uncle Sam coming into the League of Nations. Then there is Winston, running along with his Budget . . . something off Income Tax, they say, something off Tea . . . but women rarely seek inspiration from a Budget. Finally there is Jix, dear old Jix with his youthful enthusiasms, his Old Prayer Book, his purification of night clubs, his love for Dora, whose demise he commemorates by a proper wreath, yet whose spirit goes marching on like old soldiers who never die . . .

As we look at these noble figures after five years of rulership of the Empire they do not seem to be very inspiring. Where *is* our dear Mr. Stanley Baldwin's leadership? Mr. Lloyd George says nowhere. To many of us he seems to have definite leanings towards Socialism, like some of his family. To extend the suffrage by five million young women and to leave the House of Lords in precisely the emasculated condition where the late Lord Asquith left it seems to many Tories an extraordinary thing to have done. Then Mr. Baldwin has been rather naughty about Safeguarding. . . . Come, let's be frank on the subject.

A few years ago the Safeguarding of Industries was a policy urged by certain employers in certain trades. The motor industry, under it, has been redeemed from bankruptcy to great prosperity. To-day the *workers* demand it. In the pottery districts they ask for safeguarding; in the woollen heart of the country, in great Free Trade Bradford herself, the operatives, through Mr. Ben Turner, ask for it. The steel trades cry aloud for its help . . . and yet the Prime Minister, the man who in 1923 told the nation that he could see no hope for prosperity

WITH THOUGHTS ON JIX

unless it adopted Protection, to-day shuts the door of No. 10, Downing Street in their faces.

S

I SUPPOSE this is a brilliant brain wave of the Central Unionist Offices at St. Stephen's Chambers. Anything really calculated to jeopardise Conservatives may safely be traced back to St. Stephen's Chambers. Because, of course, out of disgust, the working classes in the Midlands, in Yorkshire, and in Lancashire—for even Manchester is beginning to sit up and take notice—will all vote anti-Tory. If they were enjoying the benefits of Safeguarding and were working at full pressure they would naturally support the Party whose presence in power was a guarantee of good employment.

S

AND meantime we have to suffer Jix. What can be done with him? His wise colleague, Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister, made a fine speech at the Mansion House not long ago in support of the "Come to Britain" Movement. This year thousands of Americans are sailing for Europe, but it is useless to inaugurate a "Come to Britain" movement if Dora is frowning upon all and sundry before they can land from a liner. There are petty and irritating restrictions here, there, and everywhere. You can't buy this or that after such and such an hour because the Home Secretary engineered a Bill through the House of Commons whilst no one was looking. We Britons shout in Rule Britannia that we shall never be slaves, and yet in fact there is less personal freedom in Britain than anywhere else in Europe. For too long a certain Puritanical Sabbatarian tail in politics has wagged the dog, and Conservatives, who for the most part detest Puritanism, now find they have in Jix a weird individual whose idea seems to be that silly laws are holy. He hasn't yet learnt that laws are made for the benefit of the people and not the people for the laws.

S

UNLESS something is done, and done quickly, about Jix and his state of mind, which says definitely that the "old days of the right of every man to do as he likes with his own are a relic of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries and will not work in the twentieth," there is going to be a lot of trouble for the Tory Party. His attitude of mind is irritating a very large section of people, including especially the woman elector. Every time he speaks he makes his own offence worse. He told Sir Harry Brittain in the House the other day that he was there to uphold the law, the law he passed himself. There is only one way out for Jix. To save his Ministry Mr. Baldwin must make a lord of him. He positively must.

S

WHY do the Conservatives try to stop business? Nearly £272,000 is said to be spent each Saturday night in hotels, restaurants, cabarets, and night clubs in London. This could be doubled, if not quadrupled, and good foreign money brought into our shores if a spirit of tolerance and broadmindedness took the place of bigotry and kill-joy which now predominates. In cities like Paris, where they have no restrictions, drunkenness is of rare occurrence. In New York, where prohibition rules, ghastly drunken orgies take place nightly. Well-meaning persons like Jix are a danger to the community, for whilst taxation mounts they prevent the vast catering trade from development and thus attracting great sums from overseas. Our Sunday wants to be reorganised. It should be a day of joy and merriment, where races, games, sports, dancing, and *joie de vivre* have free reign, the "Merry England" of the days when girls danced round the maypole on a Sunday, a day before the Puritans were born.

S

IT will be a disaster if the Conservatives go out or return in a minority to Liberals and Labour combined, *as they expect to do*—inside information! If Mr. Baldwin will lead boldly and put Jix where he should be, a newly awakened confidence will take the place of the present apathy. And why not? Why not try to make the Conservative Party Conservative for a change?

KIM.

"The bouquet he offers the Flapper Vote is deceptive"

The sketches on these pages are by H. H. HARRIS, and show three principals in "Merry Merry" at the Carlton Theatre

HANNEN

WHEN, right at the start of *Merry Merry*, the other night, a moonstruck young man sang "It Must be Love I'm Thinking Uv," I knew that all was well. A musical comedy that can sink to that could rise to anything.

NOW, after years of musical comedy I can sit, without hearing a word or seeing anything, for three whole hours—yes, and look sufficiently stupid to be one of the audience. They can all do their worst to me. There is an invisible ear-cap on each side of my head. There is an unseen bandage on my eyes.

I am as safe as Daniel in the den of lions.

Besides, I am often thinking of the inside story, the one the public never hear. So many strange things happen. . . .

ON the first night of *La Poupée*, years ago, Henry Lowenfeld was so discouraged because of an all-night rehearsal and a town-full of knockers that he stayed away from the theatre, and told his manager to meet him beside Cleopatra's Needle on the Embankment. "Then you can tell me the worst before I jump in the Thames," he said. "I dare not go near the theatre." *La Poupée* made £100,000 for him in London alone. You never know. . . .

Merry Merry was as unpromising as *Hit the Deck*. Having rewritten an American something that they could have written at home, the Clayton and Waller firm found, at Southampton, that everything was wrong. It was so with *Hit the Deck* at Glasgow.

"WHAT a terrible show," said people coming out of *Hit the Deck* on the Scottish first night. Poor George Bass, a brilliant pantomime comedian, flopped badly, withdrew from the cast, sickened away and died, his last chance of London stardom gone. Yes, when *Hit the Deck* reached the London Hippodrome everyone was wondering what would happen. Yet they made money after all.

FOR *Merry Merry* Claudia Dell, "an American June," they called her, had been brought over at great expense and then dropped when Southampton seemed a frost. While it may have been loving the young man on the stage was thinking uv, I was wondering whether Gladys Cruickshank would make good. Three years ago she was a chorus girl in *No, No, Nanette!* This was her night of test. They had dragged her out of a touring show. . . . She came on in a scene showing the new Piccadilly Circus Tube, rushing on unnoticed.

"YOU must be wearing the wrong hat," I told her after the dress rehearsal. "It doesn't suit you. No one can see your face. Now, in your next scene, you look beautiful because your blonde hair shows. Let London see you at your best directly you enter."

"Perhaps I ought to carry the hat to-morrow night," she said.

Then, on the first night, she didn't. She forgot. So she missed a big reception.

I WAS wondering what Claudia Dell's feelings were when she sat in the stalls.

"We can't do without her," said the management, when people complained of their going abroad for another American. They had boasted of her stardom

SWAFFER: THE MODERN CHORUS GIRL

with the Ziegfeld Follies. Then she was dropped, just like Fay Marbe from *Yvonne,* just like Betty Balfour from *Up With the Lark,* just like Elisabeth Pechy from *The Blue Mazurka.*

Betty went back to her pictures; Fay got heavy damages; Elisabeth, before retiring to Vienna, got her revenge by appearing at the Coliseum in a sketch all about James White, who had replaced her in his Daly's show.

Then there was Luella Paikin in *Song of the Sea.* She fell out because, in spite of her Albert Hall voice, they said she could not act.

I DO not know why, in these days, they make so much fuss over the leading ladies. The chorus girls always see them through. The truth is that the modern chorus is much more efficient than were the leading ladies of twenty years ago.

LILY ELSIE was thought wonderful merely because of her sweetness and charm. Her waltz in *The Merry Widow* was a simple thing compared with the dancing that the *Merry Merry* chorus have to do. Marie Studholme was very beautiful; no one ever accused her of being able to act. Phyllis Dare, when she first captured London well over twenty years ago, was not nearly as clever as she was in *Lido Lady* in her middle age. You could compare Gertie Millar, the cleverest of the lot, with Cecily Courtneidge, but she is almost all. After seeing Binnie Hale, I think we might even turn away from Nellie Farren. Binnie and Cecily are even as good as the chorus girls. They will tell you they succeed because they are slick.

IF you go through a modern chorus you find many a girl who is as good-looking as Evelyn Laye, as good a dancer as June, and certainly as good a singer as Anita Elsom.

Their morality, too, is almost frightening. You seldom see them speak to a man behind the scenes. They do their jobs, and then they go home. No one drives them home. No one waits for them at the stage door. So much is it true that the programme's advertising line, "Haberdashery by Husbands," is read without a sneer. . . .

IN the old Gaiety days the chorus girls used to live at Romano's, go away for days at a time, come back with ropes of pearls, and agitate the others. If you spoke to them harshly, they walked out.

Nowadays, the chorus is drilled like the Guards. It is a goose-step made beautiful. It is precision, plus sex.

I SCARCELY noticed Peggy O'Neil the other night in *Merry Merry,* except that she was the same as she was in *Mercenary Mary.* I have trained myself to sleep through W. H. Berry. The moment A. W. Baskcomb began wambling on about "wed woses," I knew my ears would shut themselves without my brain hearing a click. But the chorus was like an electric shock.

THE house yelled for them at the end, just as they did on the first night of *Rose Marie,* when Edith Day took a call intended for the Totem Girls. It was the Tiller Girls, you know, who saved Elsie Janis, one first night, at the Queen's Theatre. They do it in every other show, and no one takes any notice.

THE trouble is that, every now and then, someone finds a leading lady in the chorus. There was a chorus girl in *My Son John* who has just begun to play leads on tour; Hilda Cooney may soon be known in London. Babette O'Deal has just come to the Carlton after a short trial in Emma Haig's parts in the country.

IF this goes on much more there won't be any chorus left, and then there won't be any leading ladies, for there will be no choruses to save their first nights for them. . . . H. S.

SOVIET SOFT SOAP

By VERNON WOODHOUSE

Nadine March is the leading lady in "Red Rust" at the Little Theatre. This play is unique in that it is the first to be produced in this country written by Soviet students

THE authors of *Red Rust* are two Russian students whose play has been performed in Russia. The action takes place in Moscow in 1926, and its production proves that the Soviet approved of its tone, for I cannot imagine any play being produced in that country which caused offence to the authorities!

WHAT makes this play so interesting to see is not its sordid plot or melodramatic incidents, which have nothing original about them, but the sidelight it casts on Bolshevik mentality. Palpably both authors and authorities believe that here is a play which is good propaganda for Bolshevism. And yet it is nothing of the sort. All unwittingly the play damns it.

THE authors, Messrs. Kirchon and Ouspensky, evidently want the audience to believe that the Soviet is represented in the character of Fedor, a student with a love for humanity, who eventually brings a murderer to justice. What more could be expected from any Government?

BUT this story of student life in its telling reveals more than was intended. It pictures life in Russia as it is to-day, quite apart from hunting down a criminal who has nothing peculiarly Russian about him. Does it really show good government, for instance, when, eight years after the War, housing conditions are still chaotic? One of the women students complains that the nine other girls who sleep in her room get on her nerves!

Marie Lohr has risen in rank quite recently! From His Majesty's, where she was the Lady Brandon of "Beau Geste," she has now come to the Lyric, playing the part of the Duchess of Devonshire in a revival of "Berkeley Square"

TEN women sleeping in one room! The men are also herded together in the same way, not only by night but by day. In fact, the only method by which privacy in some sordid bedroom can be secured is by a male student taking one of the women students for his mistress!

AND if the inevitable consequences ensue, the Soviet will arrange for the woman to have an illegal operation if she but says she is in her last term, for education—of a sort—is a god before which the Soviet bows down and worships.

THERE are many other sidelights on life as it is lived to-day in Russia—the triumph of the machine for instance, and the negation of individualism—while over all is smeared a coating of sordidness which revolts. Propaganda truly! But hardly for Soviet methods! No wonder that when the National Anthem was played at the conclusion one felt that to stand to attention was hardly sufficient. One wanted to *sing* "God Save the King" whole-heartedly!

ADAPTED by Virginia and Frank Vernon, cleverly produced by the latter, and forcibly acted by Ion Swinley, John Gielgud, Selma

(Continued on page 538)

Lord Edward Hulton (Nigel Bruce) causes pain to Lady Myrtil Frampton (Cathleen Nesbitt), while playing in "Fame," which is now running at St. James's Theatre

BY FRANK R. GREY

COMMISSIONAIRE: *"Hullo, sir, you're soon out! Found you've seen the film before?"*
SENSITIVE POET: *"No, I've just heard my first Talkie close-up of a kiss!"*

if gossip

Raphael

Regina West, the cabaret star, who is appearing at Nunky's Club, in Regent Street. She plays lead in the new show, "Nunky's Poupées"

I WAS right in suggesting last week that, iniquitous though the tyranny is that "Dora," upheld by "Jix," continues to represent, it is useless to look to a Labour victory at the General Election for a lightening of the load. Labour is "denouncing in uncompromising terms" the present fight that is being put up against "Dora," by drawing across the path — a sheer red herring—the case of the shop assistants.

Nobody wants the shop assistants to have longer hours, and it is only fair that they, as well as assistants on licensed premises, should have a reasonable working week.

But it was "Jix," yielding to Socialist pressure, who torpedoed the suggestion of Sir Park Goff and the witty Mr. Macquisten, K.C., to make the shopowner a free agent. This would have drawn the fangs of "Dora," have given greater liberty all round, and would have inflicted no hardship on anybody.

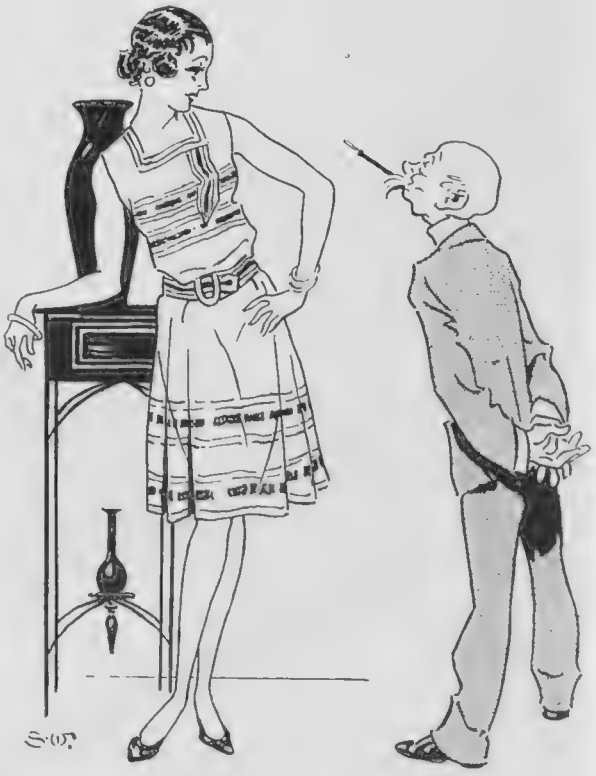
Why cannot the man who owns a shop or a public-house keep it open *and run it himself* if and when he wants to, provided his assistants have sufficient leisure?

THE organ of the Left Wing having hailed *Lady Chatterley's Lover* as a smashing blow at capitalism, though not the type of book we are likely to see in great numbers before the revolution, the other Socialist journal devotes some space to a concert given by the London Labour Choral Union.

Included in the programme was a portion of Handel's oratorio "Judas Maccabæus," in which "verbal phrases had been altered so that the whole made a really splendid revolutionary cantata."

This seems a new way of tampering with the poor old classics. For years jazzy composers have been altering the music to suit their purposes, and now jazzy politicians alter the words to suit theirs.

But why did not the London Labour Choral Union alter the name of the Queen's Hall for the occasion? "Queen's" is surely a bourgeois word. And why was "John Peel" sung? It is in this quarter that talk about "blood sports" invariably arises.



"People should drink more milk. Now I've lived on milk practically all my life"

"Condensed, I suppose!"

A NEW STAR IN THE LAWN TENNIS FIRMAMENT

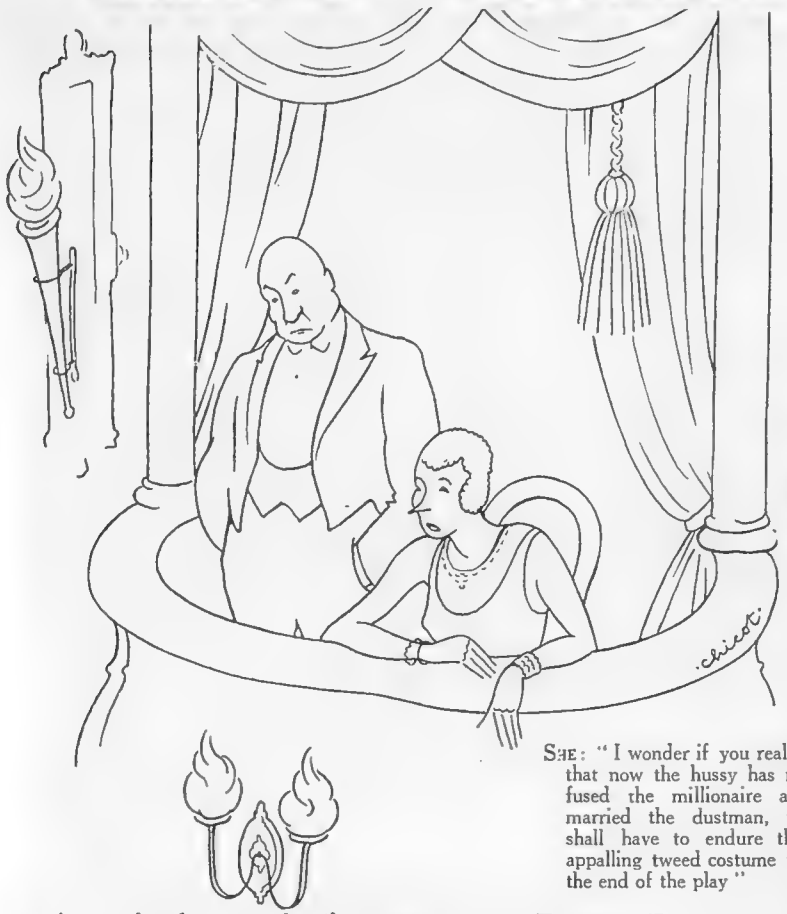
The finalists in the Men's Singles of the Covered Courts Championships at Queen's Club. J. S. Olliff (left), one of our most promising younger players, is with S. W. Harris, the Old Rugger player, whom he beat in the final

YET another reason for the growing popularity of the films as against the struggle for existence that is the present lot of the theatre is the discomfort of the lobbies, bars, corridors, and so on, of the latter.

In a picture palace, particularly the new "super" ones, there is an air of vast space and gorgeousness. One can wander over thick pile carpets to wide and lofty refreshment rooms. Never has one to clamour for anything (except, inwardly, for a sign of intelligence on the screen itself).

But in a theatre, particularly on a first night, all is agony in the first interval. After the first half of *Merry Merry* at the Carlton, I took one glimpse at that crowded, underground "stalls bar," with its Rugger-scrum in progress—and fled.

we must



SHE: "I wonder if you realise that now the hussy has refused the millionaire and married the dustman, we shall have to endure that appalling tweed costume till the end of the play"

IT is, curiously enough, the newer theatres that are most to blame in this respect. The Carlton is new. So is the Prince's, which has continually been criticised, and is, probably, the least comfortable theatre in London. When the new Piccadilly Theatre was opened (as a theatre), it took half an hour for the first-night crowd to percolate through tiny rabbit warrens to the stalls, and there was no room for anything or anybody, except in the actual auditorium. On subsequent nights it happens only too often that room is only too plentiful.

But during a *première*, many of the great and good are forced to take refreshment "t'other side the way." During a cold spell this gives dramatic critics pneumonia.

Whether this is a blessing or the reverse depends, of course, upon the critic.

SIR EDWARD ELGAR can get more out of Sir Edward Elgar's music than any other conductor, and the beauties of *The Kingdom* were much in evidence, under the composer's direction, at the Albert Hall the other afternoon. So, too, were the beauties, soprano and contralto, of the Royal Choral Society, who are not in need of the greater plumpness propaganda set afoot by the manager of the hall, one C. B. Cochran.

Sir Edward is himself slim and immaculate, and can be found in the Gloucester-Worcester-Hereford district playing golf in a Garrick Club tie.

Once he was lunching at the Garrick with that other musical knight, Sir Alexander Mackenzie (who, at eighty-one, has just sent out change of address cards). They arrived at the cheese stage when Sir Alexander, who is a wit, said to his companion, "I suppose you're going to have 'Port Salut d'Amour'?"

A recent photograph of the Prime Minister, who has just celebrated his twenty-first year in politics. Whether he will also attain a Party majority at the forthcoming General Election is, however, still to be decided

MR. AL JOLSON has much to answer for. Although he does not appear in person in London, for we cannot afford to pay him his salary, we see and hear him rather larger than life in the "talkies," and the variety stage has its never-ending supply of imitators, so feeble that I

if_ gossip _

Miss Elizabeth Ponsonby and Mr. Bryan Howard at the All-night Freak Party held at Lancaster Gate. Miss Ponsonby was one of the organisers of the Mock Wedding Breakfast, which was held at a popular restaurant a few weeks ago

GUESTS AND "OFFICIALS"

Mrs. Thompson, formerly Lady Hulton (left), the son of the Aga Khan and Prince George of Russia, seen at the Freak Party. The party was presided over by many "hosts," to whom special duties were allotted

would sooner face the Al I know than fly to Als I wot not of.

It is Mr. Jolson who has been largely responsible for "Sonny Boy," the oleaginous tune which has settled on this city with the persistent virulence of influenza, and leaves me nearly as weak.

I say "largely" because there is an opera, not unknown to fame and obviously not unknown to Mr. Jolson, called *Faust*. If you turn to Siebel's song in Act II you will find "Sonny Boy," just where it was in the 'sixties. So "Sonny Boy" is at least old enough to be a grandfather.

THERE are two dramatists, a sculptor, a poet, and a leader writer of my acquaintance who are having an icy time of it at Mentone. Each Sunday morning they solemnly, with their womenfolk, attend service at the English church. And perhaps you as well as I know that remarkable building. What matters disestablishment for a church that can set down the architecture of Upper Norwood on the shores of the Mediterranean and never bat an eyelid? The church, by the way, is in the Rue Carnot. What *would* Carnot have thought of it?

"Do you mean to say you've been with young Simpleigh again Hilda? Didn't I tell you to let him alone?"

"Oh, mother! I thought you said 'get him alone'!"

IT has been said somewhere or other that the origin of the mermaid myth is that seal-like creature the dugong, though it is difficult to believe that the dugong, for all its vaguely human face, can ever have proved alluring even to the least fastidious sailor.

Mrs. Kennedy-Fraser, however, tempts still further speculation by relating in her new book how she sang in the Hebrides to some seals that, unlike her audiences in the Æolian Hall, answered her in song. "The voice of one seal," she declares, "was so beautiful—of a rich *mezzo-soprano* quality, with a perfect *cantabile*."

Was it a *mezzo-soprano* seal from the Hebrides, that took a trip to the Mediterranean to beguile the wandering Ulysses with its *cantabile?* Were the singing sirens but seals after all? The mystery deepens. But one thing is sure. Mr. Cochran's singing duck now has a serious rival.

UNLESS it is considered freakish in these days to enjoy oneself, there is no reason why the now world-famous cowboy party at 108,

we__must__

AT THE GREAT "FREAK" PARTY

Michael Beary, the jockey (left), with Lady Ashley and the Marquess of Donegall. The last-named held the proud position of "General Bottle-Washer" at the Freak Party

Miss Loelia Ponsonby (left) and Mrs. Richard Compton in "Wild West" at the Freak Party, where most of the dresses were of the cowboy variety

Lancaster Gate should have been labelled a "freak" party. It was simply a fancy-dress affair on a rather large scale, admission to which was vigorously scrutinised, and the bill shared by a dozen or so men (not all of them young), some of whom were rich, and others not so rich. The original idea was that each should contribute £20, but this cannot have covered the cost, for champagne flowed in un-Dora-like fashion from 11 p.m. to 6 a.m., and when I left at 6.10 I saw another case being opened, amid an aroma of eggs and bacon. The prime movers among the older hosts were Captain "Jumbo" Joliffe, who used to be in the "Blues," and a crack revolver shot, and is now a director of a gin business, and supervises catering at certain race meetings; and dear old "Willie" Harrison, who is the kindest of men and an uncrowned king of the whiskey world.

"And where shall we vaccinate your little girl, madam?"
"Oh, any old where, doctor. In twenty years' time it will show, anyhow!"

THERE ought to be more parties of this "communal" type. They are the greatest possible fun, and do no harm to anyone (though, in future, revolver shooting—with blanks, of course—in the small hours might be dispensed with, and I did not, for the time being, envy the inhabitants of 107 and 109). I suppose it was a "wild party," but hardly in the sense of the now famous book of that name, of which I was reminded by the presence of young Peter Rodd as "the Mexican h . . . . t." (It rhymes with Charlotte.) More reputably clad were Lord Portarlington (as himself), Lady Portarlington (as a black and silver cow-girl), Prince George of Russia, Lord Rosse, Lady Castlerosse, and the usual covey of Guinnesses.

PLAYS OF THE HOUR—"Mr. Cinders,"

ON these pages are seen some of the principals in three of the plays which are more than holding their own in the West End, though of widely different types. "The Chinese Bungalow" is a drama of the "Mr. Wu" persuasion, "The Borderer" is an historical drama centred round the Earl of Bothwell and Mary Queen of Scots, whilst "Mr. Cinders" is a bright musical comedy centred round lots of music and a certain amount of plot

Theatre Photos

Bobby Howes and Binnie Hale in an amusing scene from "Mr. Cinders" at the Adelphi Theatre. They provide much of the humour that is a feature of this successful musical show

Theatre Photos

Frances Doble, the leading lady in "The Chinese Bungalow," at the Duke of York's Theatre. Matheson Lang has scored a big success with this play

Another glimpse of Binnie Hale, the vivacious heroine of "Mr. Cinders." She has a part which suits her admirably, and gets a lot of fun out of it

"The Chinese Bungalow," and "The Borderer"

IN "The Borderer" Fred Terry has a romantic costume drama that suits him admirably. It was produced at the Strand Theatre a short time ago

Lord Darnley (Alfred Wild) confronted by the posturing Earl of Moray (Eugene Leahy). A scene from "The Borderer," Fred Terry's latest production at the Strand Theatre

Fred Terry as the Earl of Bothwell in "The Borderer" at the Strand Theatre. The play was written for him by Madge and Leslie Howard Gordon

Phyllis Neilson-Terry as Queen Mary in "The Borderer." She took up the part, which was to have been played by her mother, Julia Neilson, at very short notice owing to the latter's illness

A RUGGER REVERIE

THE DYNASTS

By PENDARVES

Express Photos.

H. P. Jacob, playing for Blackheath, photographed after a successful tackle of his Oxford opponent. Very few matches were played last Saturday owing to the hard ground, but the Club kept its appointment with Oxford University

An old Rugbeian held out a bait. He wrote: "If you come down here and see Our Side play Them you will realise what a tame affair Cock Houses really used to be." So I went down to the soft country, to a place called Nevermindwhere, to watch the Dynasts meet Them and settle it. Dynasts he said they were, hereditary rulers of their respective towns by virtue of their Rugger and the fighting spirit of their fathers before them. They were the sort of men who, working at the bench or the machine tool all day, commanded an instant silence when they came into the Blue Boar in the evening for a "Small ginger and a slice o' lemon, miss, please." Locals would point at them covertly and whisper the one to the other, "'E's not the three-quarter 'e was. No." "Garn! Good enough still for *them*, b'lieve me." When I explain that this is a part of the world where the opposition for Saturday's game is referred to for days previously as "them," you will appreciate what was in store for us.

The old Rugbeian was our coach and leader of scrum practices, and sometimes referee. But not the latter on this occasion. This time the Union had sent us a Special. A little ginger-haired gentleman with a rat-trap mouth, very tight shorts, and a very loud whistle.

The Dynasts and the Dirtydogs did not hold converse before the game. There was too much feeling. And for twenty mobilisation minutes before the Moment of Battle, the adversaries confined themselves strictly to the respective twenty-fives, and indulged in a highly self-conscious punt about. Meanwhile, the Blue Blood and the Bourgeoisie assembled in the shilling enclosure with tart remarks and tartan rugs; and I smelt trouble.

It did not need the O.R. to show me where our talent lay. The punt about told me that: it stuck out a yard. So did the brawn of the remainder. Our side contained several men recently weaned from the Soccer code, whom nothing short of a charging bullock would be likely to upset. Most of them had the pallor of complete fitness about them: all of them appeared quietly determined. We strolled along the touch-line to appraise the D.D.s. "Miners, most of 'em," I was told, "and as hard as steel: they've been on the dole for months, and have been trained by ——." He mentioned a famous International forward. "They're absolutely fightin' fit; look at 'em! Now, will you lay me just a small shade . . .?" Not on your life, Cockhouse. Then the authoritative whistle blew, and one felt that the zero hour had indeed arrived.

You who sit sybaritically at Twickenham, rather far away from the ground, and watch Saturday games and none other, have no conception what dynamic Rugger this was as perpetrated by Dynasts against those hated people. You have got to be actually *on* the touch-lines (minding yourself when 12-stone men are hurled over it by three others) to appreciate what a blood feud really means. You must listen-in to the steaming scrums, and hear the things that are said about an opponent's parentage by a front-row man on the other side, to learn the lore of inter-town strife, and see to what unauthorised artifices it will take a blood-up player on the blind side of the referee.

It was not Rugger as you and I and the pampered Varsity and School people know it. It could be likened only to a meeting of a British and German platoon in the latter's trench on a raid night. But it was marvellous. Our Side had a nippy scrum-half—he was the local butcher's boy and a trick cyclist; a full-back who played amongst the centre threes; and two second-row forwards. All these had had school training and knew what was what. The remaining eleven were out for blood, and nothing else: they knew and cared for "nought." The D.D.s were much the same, having slightly the advantage in possession of four granite-cased policemen—the type of Robert, don't you know, who sails into a rough house in a dark alley with a grin of pure joy.

Luck being all my way on that instructive afternoon, we must needs find ourselves all square at two tries each, with a quarter of an hour to go. The Union Ref. had long since given up all hopes of keeping the game in its proper sphere, and stopped the proceedings now only when the whole of the back row fell upon the scrum-half while he was in the act of picking the ball out from *his* second row. There was no further score; so they have got to play it all over again: greatly to everyone's delight. A complete description of the gargantuan game is contained in the remark of a Dynast forward as he walked towards the Blue Boar: "Another five something minutes an' we cud 'ave killed the ——s. On the replay we something well will."

FILM NOTES

SIN *SANS* SYMPATHY

By AUBERON

Dorothy Burgess, the Fox film star. She is seen as she appears in the new "talkie" production. "In Old Arizona"

IN "Sin" at the Capitol we have yet another film which boasts a somewhat hackneyed theme, with a title well chosen to rake in the shekels.

❋

A PLAYWRIGHT, poor and unsuccessful, but happy in his wife's and child's love, eventually writes a play which takes Paris by storm. The actress who takes the lead in it falls for his charms, and vamps him so successfully that he leaves his family for her. Finally, he comes to his senses and is restored to the arms of his forgiving wife.

❋

WHAT is there in this to set the movie-goers' pulses racing? Where lies that delicious thrill to be expected when visiting the cinema where such a titled picture is showing?

❋

LARS HANSON as the playwright gives a performance well up to his usual standard, but it is of necessity an unsympathetic *rôle*, and one that fails to grip. His many admirers, however, will look forward to seeing him with lovely Lya de Putti in "The Informer," which is being produced at Elstree now, and which, according to all accounts, is going to be a very fine picture.

GINA MANES, who starred in "Thou Shalt Not," plays the siren with skill, but is very lacking in feeling. Possessing neither beauty nor the essential sex appeal, she has a difficult task to accomplish, for Elissa Landi's study of the hard-working young wife is altogether charming and most appealing.

❋

THIS raises an interesting question: Would a man who had a pretty, cheerful, and unselfish wife leave her for the kisses, however passionate, of a woman whose attraction lay chiefly in her acting ability and a certain cloying sweetness not uncharged with jealousy?

❋

CYNICS will say Yes, romantics No, and as I am inclined to agree with the latter, this film seems rather pointless and just a little sordid.

❋

"IN Old Arizona," the new "all-talkie" production at the Empire, shows up very well by contrast. Outdoor life amongst amazing canyon scenery showing the joys and sorrows of the "woolly West's" inhabitants is a change from the sensual society drama which overcrowds the film world to-day.

❋

WARNER BAXTER as the hero bandit scores all along the line. A splendid figure of a man with a really delightful smile, the sincerity of his acting needs a lot of beating. That he is a success where feminine hearts are concerned is obvious, for I heard several remarks around me coming from members of the fair sex as to his "altogether adorableness."

❋

POSSIBLY Dorothy Burgess appealed to them as much, only in a different way, though they were quieter regarding her charms. The male sex doubtless found her much to their liking, only had they known this attractive young lady in her Arizonian surroundings they might have found her constant demands for gifts a trifle wearing on the pocket. Greedy she was, and heartless, but she made one like her, which proves that Miss Burgess is an actress of no little merit.

AUBERON.

Helen Twelvetrees, another of the attractive young people who appear in Fox Film Productions. One of the latest Fox films, "In Old Arizona," shown at the Empire, is the first out-of-doors "talkie" to be seen in this country

A NEW BRITISH PRODUCTION

Bessie Love, the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Star, in rural surroundings. Her milking costume is an ideal one—but only for the photographer

A Knight in London"

THIS was the title of a light film comedy which was shown to the trade at the London Pavilion on Sunday, March 3rd. Made at Elstree, it does credit to the Blattner Picture Corporation, one of the new English companies, whose first picture it is.

❋

MISS LILIAN HARVEY, a pretty English girl, plays the part of the heroine, Aline. Shortly before her nineteenth birthday she has a strange adventure in which she meets the hero in embarrassing circumstances in an hotel bedroom. There is the usual urbane, suave villain, who very nearly is successful in his bid for the hand of Aline. . . . However, the hero—played by Robert Irvine—an intrepid aviator, turns up again, assisted by a diplomatic uncle, and on Aline's nineteenth birthday we left them happily engaged. Robert

The white doctor—played by Monte Blue—fails in his first attempt to bring back to life the half-drowned son of the Chief. Another scene from the South Sea Islands film, which is a particularly good one

Monte Blue and Raquel Torres in a scene from "White Shadows in the South Seas," which was recently produced at the New Regal Cinema. The white hero is all for the natives holding their own against his own race, who commercialise the lovely islands

English was a delightful uncle, and Bernard Nedell acted the wicked, yet rather fascinating, villain skilfully. The story was very entertaining, and the settings unusually effective for films made in this country. The film was directed by Herr Lupu Pick.

GREAT MOMENTS IN GREAT LIVES

BY H. H. HARRIS

Edgar Wallace, after working overtime on his latest "thriller," distinctly hears following footsteps!

BY STAN TERRY

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS

BY DE ROBEC

A WILD OAT

BY STARR WOOD

"D'you remember the first girl you ever loved, George?"
"Good 'eavens, no. I can't even remember the last!"

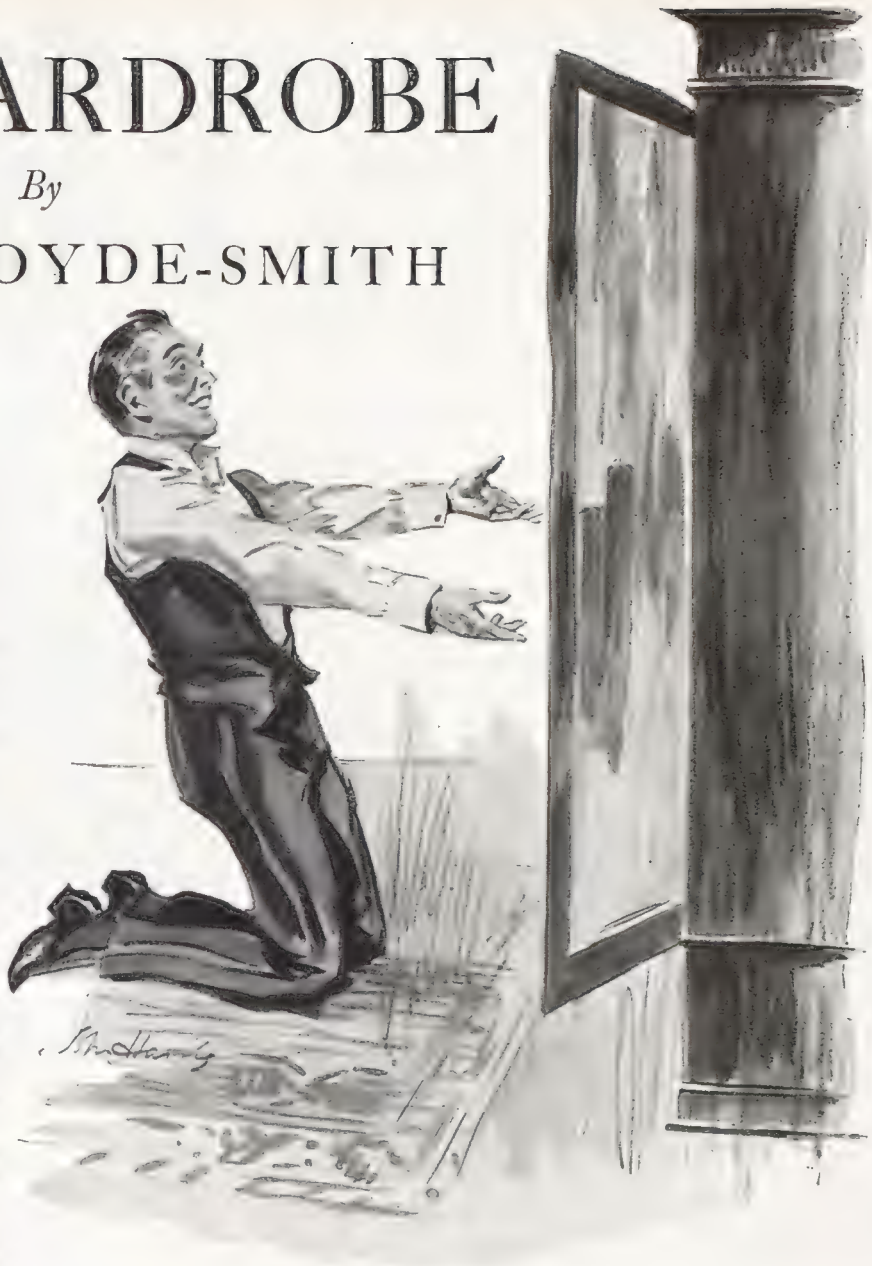
BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

THE WARDROBE

By

NAOMI ROYDE-SMITH

Illustrations by JOHN HARRIS



"The poor devil thought they were Daphne's dresses"

If my sister Daphne had had a sense of proportion instead of a sense of the ridiculous she might now be a happy mother of sons and a glorious war-widow. As it is she's getting discontented and middle-aged, though she's still handsome enough. But she's unsettled. She wanders up and down the beaten tracks, pursuing amusement out of due season. She plays golf on the Riviera in January, and bridge in Scotland in August. When she's in town or goes to Paris she sees more of her dressmaker than of any other human being. It's what I call a wasted life.

She was always a good-looker, though she was a bit on the thin side when she came out and began to go to dances and things. But, by the time she was twenty-three, she'd got over that, and there was nothing she and my mother between them didn't know about dress. I am two years younger than she is, and I was at King's the year she was presented. My mother brought her on to May Week after this event, and I'm bound to say the pair of them did me credit. I was in my first year, and hadn't got into a boat or anything, and I took them the whole giddy round. Races, balls, garden parties, A.D.C., and Footlights, and Trinity Concert, everything; and Daphne had a different get-up for each of them. By the middle of the races men were betting on the colour she'd wear at the next ball. I remember Teddy Johnson laid old Browne a fiver she'd wear pink for the races one afternoon, and Browne said it would be white. She came out in pink and white stripes. Browne had it he'd won because the white stripes were wider, but Teddy said it was an optical illusion. In the end we measured the stripes on the part of a sash thing she had hanging on it, and they were the same size. So the bet was off, and they agreed to spend the money on a lunch-party and matinée for her in town.

But the thing never came off. Somehow Daphne's affairs never did. It was partly my mother's fault. We all went to ask her permission for the party—my mother was very particular about that kind of thing. I'm bound to say I agreed with her, even then. I think the pre-War ways, chaperons and all that, were jolly sensible. Clever really. They made you take a lot of trouble over seeing a girl. You had to dodge a bit to get her to yourself even for five minutes, and it made you keener. As I was saying—when we went to ask about the party, I was in it with the others, I held the stakes, my mother said, "I hope you're not going to make Daphne look ridiculous, Alec." Daphne was there, of course, and she was furious, not with the mater, mind you, but with us. And it all fell through.

It was the same at dances. As soon as she came into a room men began asking to be introduced to her; but the men who knew her already never asked her for more than one or two dances, if that. Her programme always filled up at big affairs where there were strangers. But I've known her sit out dances when all the men were friends, or knew her a little, at small ones.

It was better in my second year. The mater'd gone to America to see her old aunt there, and Daphne came down with the Penberthys, who never minded looking ridiculous so long as they had a good time. Daphne went everywhere with them and seemed to get on all right. But I was a good deal taken up with Polly Penberthy at the time, so I may not have noticed if anything fell a little flat now and then.

It was that year that Trefusis saw her. He was at Clare, and not in our set at all. I never met him but once—on the night he proposed to Daphne—and that was three years later when I was at the F.O.

However, it seems that poor Trefusis saw her from afar. He wasn't a dancing man or a rowing man, and he was working very hard because he'd come up from Guggleshrook, or one of those places, on a scholarship, and he wanted to get a Fellowship to carry on with later. It was before old Trefusis, his uncle, died, and he'd not come into the title and all the money. Nobody knew him. He played tennis, I believe. And in those days tennis didn't count for what it does now.

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But Trefusis saw Daphne, at the theatre. It took him the whole fortnight to discover her name. He went to the Trinity ball and stood out the whole evening watching her. Then someone told him her name was Terpenden; but he didn't know you drop the "pen" when you say it, and there was a man at John's called Turton. So poor old Trefusis cultivated the Johnian, one of those science and agricultural people he was, stinks and bones and artificial manures were his objective. Turton had a sister all right. Four of them there were. Lived at Brighton. Trefusis got himself asked to Brighton at Christmas. He told me, the night he proposed to Daphne, that when those Turton girls walked into the room on Christmas Eve, he nearly rushed out and threw himself off the pier. He couldn't swim.

WELL. Old Trefusis died and poor Reggie became Sir Reginald and something very near a millionaire. It altered his scheme of life a good deal. Naturally. But the main idea didn't change a bit. He was going to meet Daphne, to speak to her, and, now that he had something solid to offer her, to marry her if she'd have him.

He told the people who swarmed up after the funeral that he wanted to see something of London Society. They took him to tailors and people, and sold him horses (he'd learnt to ride all right as a boy), and made him take dancing lessons, and put him up for one or two Clubs. But that didn't get him any forrarder. His lot were Stock Exchange. They knew all about having a high old time, but none of them seemed to take him anywhere where he could meet Daphne. Of course he didn't talk about her. And, even if he'd been the kind of man who would, he didn't know her name. He'd given up "Turton" after the four Brighton virgins.

He saw her for the first time in London at the Royal Academy Private View. And once in Bond Street. So he knew London was safe. Then, in June or July, he found a row of her portrait hanging along the bookstall at Paddington—front page of one of the weeklies. "Miss Daphne Terpenden, the well-known Society beauty." He thought he was on to it then. But there was no "Terpenden" in *Who's Who*, the governor being dead and me not qualified as a celebrity. So he tried the Blue Book and found Lowndes Square. But they'd let the house that summer and were down at Godalming, motoring up for things and staying at Brown's for a night now and then. So he watched Lowndes Square and patrolled Knightsbridge in vain. He tried the Park with very little luck. But one day he gave a luncheon-party on his own to some of his new friends. It was at the Carlton, I think he said. And he saw her walk in with the Bispham twins. If she'd been with only one man he said he'd have given her up as lost. But he'd known Dib and Dab at the Varsity, and he thought if she'd married either of them the other wouldn't be there.

He couldn't do anything at the moment, but next day he looked them up. He'd found out by that time that, with his money, he could look up anybody he'd ever spoken to, without a blush.

His luck was in, all right. Dib and Dab are our first cousins, and the first thing poor Trefusis saw when Dab—who'd answered his telephone call, and lunched him at his club—took him into his rooms at Half Moon Street, was the very photograph of Daphne that he'd seen on the bookstall.

After that it was plain sailing. My mother was giving a dance that week for me and Moyra—we'd just got engaged—and the twins had been told to bring all the dancing men they could muster. So as soon as Dab noticed the gasping state Trefusis was in he realised that he'd be doing well by both parties if he asked him. Neither of the twins had mustered a man up to then. Well, of course, Trefusis accepted. Dab told my mother about him that night, and she said she thought she could put him up. People seem to think it a pity for the rich to go to hotels or motor back to Town in the small hours.

Well, Trefusis drove himself down, and, in his bliss, missed the road. He was timed to arrive for tea, so as to have a chance to see his way through the house party before dressing for dinner, which was to be at seven-thirty and rather a scrimmage, of course, because the dining-room was already full up with the supper tables. So we were dining early in the hall to give the servants time to clear away and have things ready by the time the band turned up.

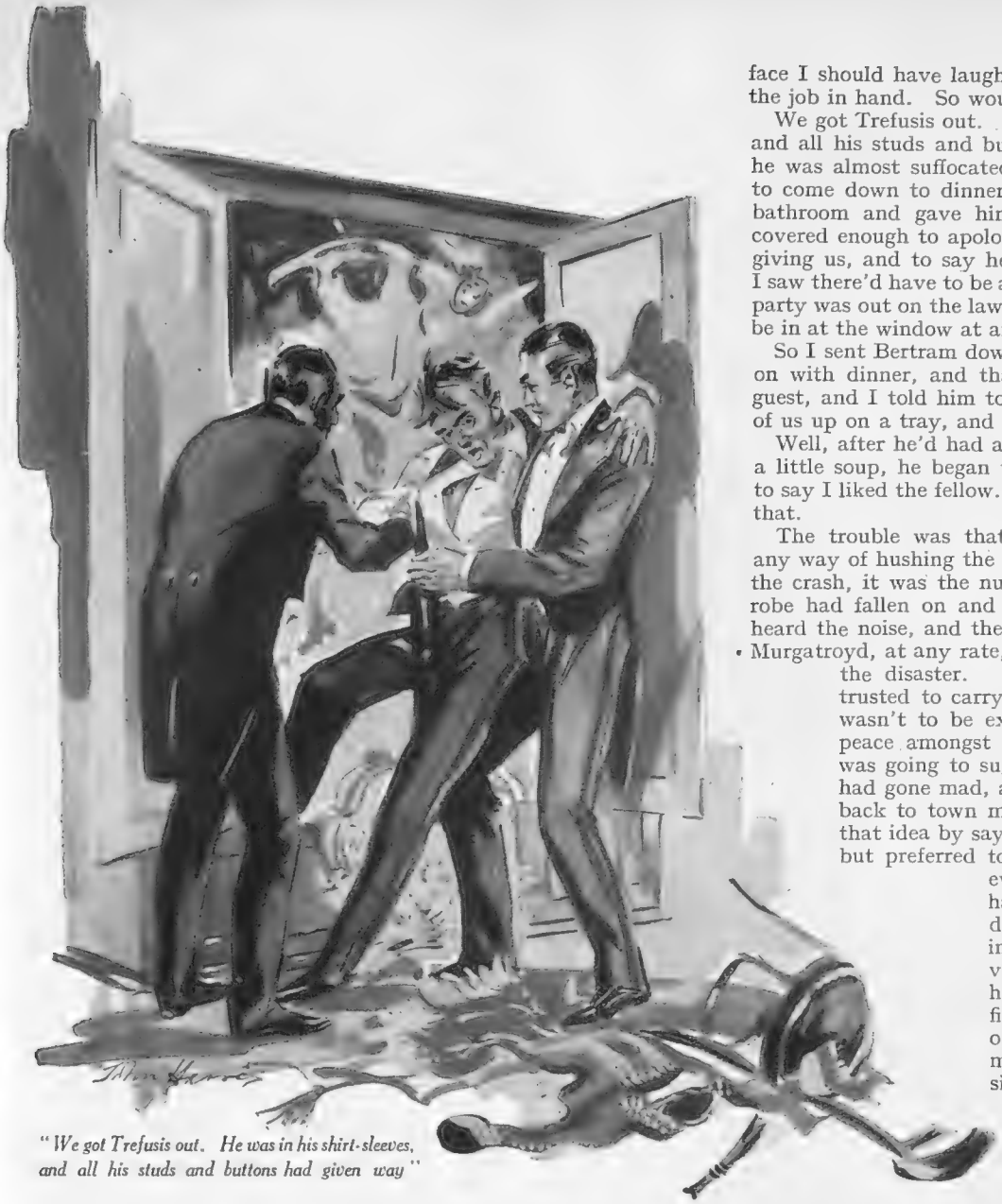
Trefusis had not got to the house by seven. We'd all gone up to dress. Watkins had been told he might yet come, and that he couldn't be taken straight to the room he was to sleep in because that was being used for the ladies' cloak-room for the dance. Daphne and Mrs. Murgatroyd said they'd dress in one room and he could have the other to dress in, and then his things could be cleared out later. It was all a bit muddled. You know how a dance turns a place upside down, and Stannings isn't a big house. I'd have waited for him myself, but Moyra wanted me to dress and come to her room to see her in her new frock before she went down, and—well, we'd not been engaged long. Anyhow, it was Dibs and Dabs who were responsible for him, and they were stopping in Town—an old engagement, Lord's in the afternoon, Eton and Harrow, and a dinner—and perhaps they'd drive out later.

Well, Watkins and one of the housemaids between them got it a bit wrong, and when Trefusis, all of a sweat lest he'd muffed his chance, drove up at seven-twenty Watkins seems to have asked him if he'd mind dressing in Miss Daphne's room. As a matter of fact, he was shown into one of the spare rooms, with a bathroom between it and Daphne's, Mrs. Murgatroyd having gone in to Daphne to finish herself off after the groundwork had been laid. But Trefusis thought it was Daphne's room, though the sight of Daphne's photograph in a silver frame on the dressing-table should have told him it wasn't. One of the maids had rushed in and mopped up the bathroom and cleared the powders and varnishes and things up a bit, but the room still bore evidences of having a beauty at her toilet only a very few minutes before.

Mrs. Murgatroyd was a good ten years older than Daphne and, I gather, her preparations for the fray were lavish and richly scented. I never could bear the woman, neither could Daphne, which made what happened all the more difficult.

By this time Trefusis was so dazed with Love and Terror that he lost his sense of proportion. He had been told that dinner would be in twenty minutes (Watkins took it upon himself to put it off a quarter of an hour for the man), but time had lost its value for him. The first thing he did after his bag had been brought up was to turn the footman who offered to valet him out of the room and to lock himself in. Then, so he says, he kissed the photograph, and that simple, human act seems to have driven him temporarily crazy.

THE door of the wardrobe wasn't properly closed, and as he pranced round the room it swung open. It was one of those doors with a long mirror in it. You know the kind—heavy, and they swing open wide. And there were rows of dresses hanging together. And, of course, the poor devil thought they were Daphne's dresses, so what must he do but slip in and take an armful of them? You see, he'd got it badly, and he knew next to nothing about women and their things—a quiet man, and no sisters or cousins to get him used to the flimsy clothes they wear. Well, there he was! The silks and the scents and the general delirium of his state raised him to such a frenzy that he began to jump up and down inside the wardrobe, and some of the dresses gave way and came off their hooks. So he penetrated farther into the thing to hang them up again, and as he did so the blighted door swung to, and snapped shut. I expect he'd got the whole machine rocking. Well, a wardrobe door isn't made to open from the inside, and there he was. Even more so. He says he doesn't know how long he stood there in the darkness with clothes falling around him like autumn leaves. It seemed hours to him, but it can't have been much more than five minutes, because we were all in the hall waiting for him when the crash came, just about twenty to eight. We were not making much noise. You know the blight that falls when someone is late and dinner is ready. We all heard it distinctly. In a minute or two there was a scurrying in the galleries and down the corridor where the bedrooms opened, and presently the footman came and whispered to Watkins, who was hovering, and Watkins came to my mother and said:—



"We got Trefusis out. He was in his shirt-sleeves, and all his studs and buttons had given way"

"If you please, my lady, Bertram says there's been an accident in Mrs. Murgatroyd's room, where the young gentleman is dressing. He's looked through the keyhole, and there was great devastation."

"Why didn't he go in?" said my mother.

"The door being locked, Bertram says, it was impossible, my lady."

So I went upstairs with Bertram and looked through the keyhole, too. It seemed hardly the most courteous behaviour to a guest, but knocking at the door only produced dull and muffled thumps from inside. You can't see very much of a room through a keyhole at the best of times, but I saw enough to realise that something most unusual had happened. Parts of a broken chair were visible, and a mark on the wall opposite the door where a picture had fallen. And the thudding from the part of the room I couldn't see was growing more violent.

It was Bertram, the footman, who thought of a ladder. It was some time before one could be found and brought up to the house. I went up first. The window was open, and the scene that met my eyes—well, the poor chap had lunged against the door, hoping to get it open, and the whole wardrobe had responded by falling flat on its face with him inside. By the time I got into the room his knockings were growing very feeble. There's only a certain amount of air *in*side a wardrobe you know, and what there was was muffled with Mrs. Murgatroyd's dresses and coats, to say nothing of her scent sachets.

The footman and I together got the thing on its feet again. I didn't dare to catch the man's eye while we struggled, shouting to Trefusis inside to look out as we raised him in his singular tomb. If I'd looked him in the face I should have laughed till I was too weak for the job in hand. So would he.

We got Trefusis out. He was in his shirt-sleeves, and all his studs and buttons had given way, and he was almost suffocated. He was in no fit state to come down to dinner. We took him in to the bathroom and gave him cold water, and he recovered enough to apologise for the trouble he was giving us, and to say he was prepared to explain. I saw there'd have to be an explanation. The whole party was out on the lawn, and some of them might be in at the window at any minute.

So I sent Bertram down to tell my mother to get on with dinner, and that I was attending to our guest, and I told him to bring some food for both of us up on a tray, and the brandy with it.

Well, after he'd had a stiff brandy and soda and a little soup, he began to tell me, and I'm bound to say I liked the fellow. Felt sorry for him and all that.

The trouble was that there really didn't seem any way of hushing the matter up. It wasn't only the crash, it was the number of things that wardrobe had fallen on and smashed. Everyone had heard the noise, and there'd be no preventing Mrs. Murgatroyd, at any rate, from visiting the scene of the disaster. I knew Bertram could be trusted to carry on through dinner, but it wasn't to be expected that he'd hold his peace amongst his own kind for long. I was going to suggest a story that Trefusis had gone mad, and that I should take him back to town myself. But he disposed of that idea by saying he'd thought of it, too, but preferred to tell the truth. You see, even the shock, and it must have been a shock, hadn't dissipated his idea of marrying Daphne. And, as he very reasonably said, I, as head of the family, couldn't first swear he was a dangerous lunatic, and then give my consent to my only sister marrying him.

I was trying to think out some less difficult subterfuge, when he suddenly lurched forward—we were sitting on the edge of the bath—and fainted. He'd put his shoulder out and the pain had got too much for him.

So there we were. We had to send for a doctor and put him to bed. And, of course, there was no stopping the dance. We were expecting eighty people or so and they were coming from all over the place. We telephoned for the local doctor, and while he was putting the wretched Trefusis into position I went down and told the whole party what had happened, and suggested that, their own curiosity being satisfied, they wouldn't need to spread the tale at the dance.

Some of them didn't believe it, and I know my mother thought the man must be a burglar, a sort of Raffles, even after Dib and Dab had identified him—which they did late that night while he was sleeping off the dose the doctor had given him. I was a bit rattled myself, and I had to act in a hurry, and I suppose I did the wrong thing. Anyhow Daphne was furious. She said she'd never been made so ridiculous before in all her life. Which was quite true. She wouldn't even see the man before he left next day. She said the tale was bound to get about whatever happened, and she didn't propose to be saddled with any responsibility in it before *or* after. My opinion is that what annoyed her more than anything was that he should have mistaken Daisy Murgatroyd's dresses for her own. Daisy was shorter and stouter than she is, and always wore the wrong colours, so Daphne said.

Anyhow, Trefusis vanished from our lives next day. He married a girl he'd known in the days of his obscurity, and he was killed at Mons. And no one she would look at has ever proposed to Daphne since, at least, not so far as I know.

N. R.-S.

PARIS GOSSIP

MEALS, MODES AND MOONLIGHT

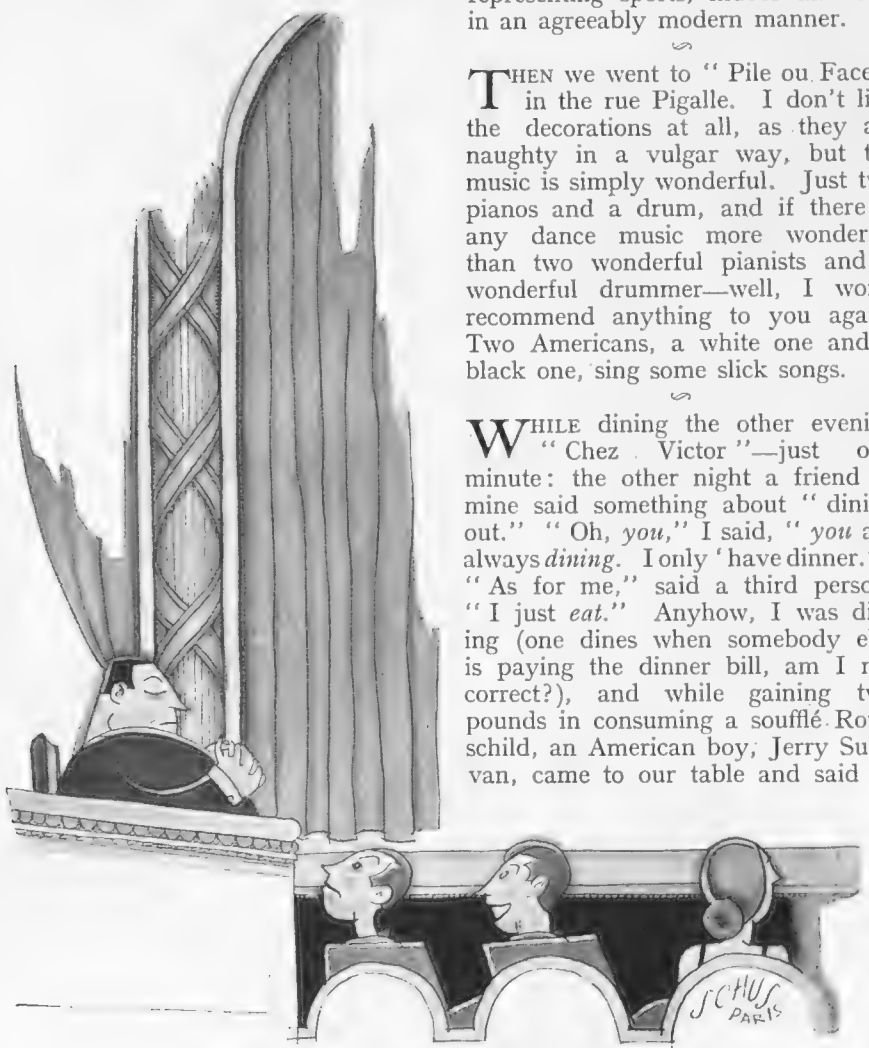
By JAY MARTIN

Sketches by SCHUS

THIS week I saw a few arriving Americans, and told them to go to see Napoleon's Tomb, and the Orangerie in the Tuileries which houses the Monet paintings, while *I* went around to a lot of restaurants and night clubs, as I did not feel a bit like Napoleon or Monet, or newly arrived Americans, either.

EARLY one evening I went to the College Inn, over on the Left Bank, where Harry Cahill, who used to be at the New York Bar, is singing. It seems that I have absorbed all the coffee in Paris, because the College Inn ran out of coffee while I was there, and they had to send across the street to the Viking to get some for me—Coffee, not Vikings—as I had enough of them, being out with two wild Finns. The decorations at the College Inn are most amusing (I'm so tired of that word amusing), representing sports, indoor and out, in an agreeably modern manner.

"With tears rolling down his cheeks, Jerry read me the letter . . ."



"He has fallen asleep—that's the kind of play you write"

THEN we went to "Pile ou Face" in the rue Pigalle. I don't like the decorations at all, as they are naughty in a vulgar way, but the music is simply wonderful. Just two pianos and a drum, and if there is any dance music more wonderful than two wonderful pianists and a wonderful drummer—well, I won't recommend anything to you again. Two Americans, a white one and a black one, sing some slick songs.

WHILE dining the other evening "Chez Victor"—just one minute: the other night a friend of mine said something about "dining out." "Oh, *you*," I said, "*you* are always *dining*. I only 'have dinner.'" "As for me," said a third person, "I just *eat*." Anyhow, I was dining (one dines when somebody else is paying the dinner bill, am I not correct?), and while gaining two pounds in consuming a soufflé Rothschild, an American boy, Jerry Sullivan, came to our table and said he wanted to show me a letter that he had just received from his mother. He didn't want anyone to see it, as he had only shown it to Armand de la Rochefoucauld, so we went downstairs to the bar. With tears rolling down his cheeks, Jerry read me the letter, in which his mother said that his aunt had just died leaving Jerry ten million dollars. His mother went on to say that she was not feeling very well herself and that she was leaving her darling son thirty million dollars.

"You poor thing," I consoled him. "Oh, mother's all right," he said, "as soon as the letter arrived I telephoned to my sister in New York, and she said that my mother is perfectly well. Have another drink."

WHEN we left Victor's to go to the Florida—which means that when you leave anywhere to go to the Florida, you change your mind and go to the Grand Ecart—just as we were going downstairs, the barman stepped out and said: "I beg your pardon, but your friend Mr. Sullivan did not pay for his drinks."

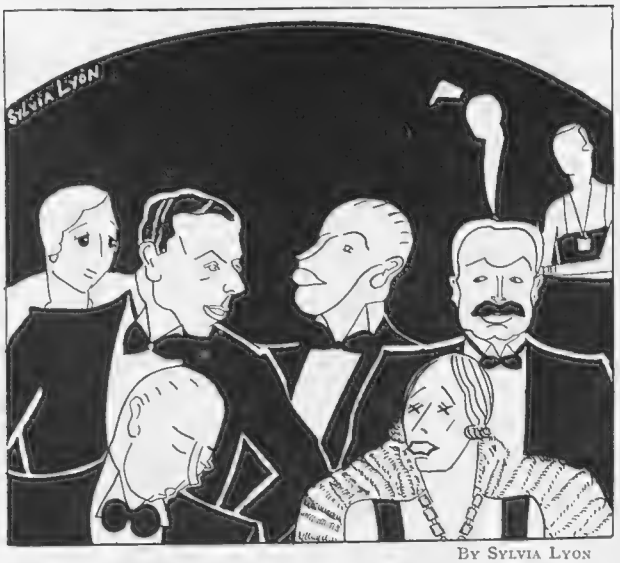
However, the next day we had our revenge, as Jerry took us to lunch in the Ritz grill, and I was sorry that I was on a diet. The Duc de Santo Mauro was there, and Lady Abdy was lunching with Gabrielle Chanel. Chanel was wearing dark blue and a dark blue hat with a brim, which looks as though a great deal of dark blue and hats with brims will be worn.

(Continued on page 530)

Sasha

A recent photograph of Dorothy Dix who is appearing with Ernest Milton in "The Mock Emperor." This play, which is by Pirandello, was lately withdrawn from the Queen's Theatre, only to be revived a few days later

PARIS GOSSIP (*continued from page 528*)



By Sylvia Lyon

SOME CELEBRITIES IN PARIS

Lady Mendl, Francis de Croisset, Alfred Savoir and Lady Abdy according to the caricaturist

THE most absurd story about "Coco" Chanel has been going around. The other afternoon I had the most splendid view of her dress collection while sitting on the stairs at her shop in the rue Cambon. I was sitting there with Mademoiselle Chanel, and the first and second Madame Sert, in just a friendly sort of way, and when I heard the story I practically rolled right down the staircase. "I have just learned," said Chanel, "that I have gone out of business, and that I am not showing any new models." "That's a good one," I said, looking down upon a marvellous black lace dinner gown with long sleeves, "tell me some more." "I have also heard," said Chanel, who is herself the most lovely thing to look at, "that I sold my business to the Galeries Lafayette for one hundred million francs." "What a wonderful idea," I exclaimed, observing an awfully *chic* crystal necklace, that instead of fastening at the back, is caught by a crystal ring at each side, while from one ring more crystals drop. "Just because I have not been going out much lately," continued Chanel, "the same brute has said that I was in an accident, and that I had one of my legs cut off." "They look pretty good to me," I said in admiration, then became very much embarrassed and said: "I mean your new collection."

I HAVE heard a funny story about Tchekov and Andreyev, a story about thirty years old, but as stories about Russian writers are likely to be depressing, and who wants to hear a story thirty years old anyhow, I will say that it concerned Alfred Savoir and Francis de Croisset. It seems that at a performance of one of Savoir's plays, de Croisset said to Savoir, "Look at one of your best friends over there. He has fallen asleep. That's the kind of play *you* write." "Is that so?" replied Savoir, "why he hasn't awakened from seeing *your* play last night."

I HAVE heard that when one is in Athens and one is out very late at night, one goes to see the Acropolis by moonlight. About four o'clock the other morning I wasn't feeling at all antique, in fact, I was in one of my most modern moods, so I suggested to my friends that we ride out to Auteuil to see an entire street of modern houses built by Henri Mallet-Stevens. When we arrived in the rue Mallet-Stevens, the houses were there but there was no moon. Of course, a moon will never behave the way I want it to, just like the band in a parade. I have never yet witnessed a parade where the music didn't stop so soon as it reached me. But my friends reacted to the Mallet-Stevens houses just as I expected. One said the houses looked like factories, and the other said that they looked like the public houses in Taos, New Mexico. "A lot you know," I said, "about Modern Architecture. You make me tired. The only time you two boneheads appreciate modern art is if you are in a modern house, sitting on a modern chair, and are on the outside of three or four cocktails and a lot of sandwiches."

SO when I was invited to tea at Jean Frank's house, I didn't take those pillish Philistines with me. Jean Frank is considered one of the finest modern interior decorators in France; in other words, the world. (I wish one of my readers would start a good argument with me, but perhaps I have no readers.) At present Frank is out in California, doing Templeton Crocker's new house. He has loaned his flat to a friend who is a friend of mine. But she won't be for long now. I am sure that I will never be invited again, for, from the minute I entered the flat I was practically delirious.

I NEARLY knelt down to kiss the antique rose marble floor in the vestibule, and I caressed the walls, which are covered in parchment. As I entered the salon, I did not even say hello to my hostess. I just said "Oh, my God!" The walls and ceiling are of polished honey-coloured straw, each little strip laid on by hand. (Try this on your piano some week-end.) The doors are covered in straw, too, but the straw is arranged in a star pattern. Against the middle of one wall, flat on the floor, is a great beige leather divan, covered with leather cushions in different tones of beige. The chairs are made of galuchat, with the seats and backs upholstered in beige plush.

THE lamps, the lamps, the lamps! The bases are rough pieces of rock-crystal, and the shades are old parchment. Another lamp has been made from shaved strips of elephant tusk. In one corner is a tall slender piece of fluted glass. Lights are concealed in a metal slab at the top, and the light falls downward through the glass like some frozen waterfall. And the bath-room! The bath-room! The floor and walls are white and grey-green marble. Wherever Frank found the marble I cannot imagine, for it has been cut so that the dark veins form a great diamond-shaped pattern. The bath-room is illuminated from lights hidden above a parchment ceiling. The parchment is stretched on silver-metal squares, and the same metal frames the windows and doors.

IT is a heavenly sort of flat, of the perfection that is "nothing too much." (That's from the Greek, but I won't write it in Greek as I am sure the printer hasn't any Greek type.) The other rooms are exquisitely old. (Exquisite seems to be a pretty good word. I've heard some of the best interior-decorators use it.) In one of the bedrooms is the most beautiful bed I have ever seen. No, I think it is *the* most beautiful. It is made of delicate wrought-iron. Many months ago I saw a photograph of this bed in a magazine, and had a thrill when I saw it in its real little Louis XV self.

"IT is so beautiful," I said to my hostess, who was becoming a little annoyed by now, "that I am going over and faint dead away on it." "Not on that bed," she said, "it's going to fall apart any minute. If you must faint, try the marble floor outside. The marble came from the old Rohan stables, and I suppose if it could support the Rohan horses, it can support you."

J. M.

BY HENDY

"Well, Maudie, 'ow would yer fancy gettin' on top of a No. 13 tram wiv them there clogs on?"

GIVING HER UP

By SANDERSON GIBBS

THE PROBLEM PICTURE

Now the great question is, where shall I put my signature?

"ANYHOW, no one can say it's *my* fault, old man. She's been getting a damn sight too off-hand lately just because she thought she had me on a string. No girl can play fast and loose with *me*, and get away with it. What did I say to her? Oh, I ticked her off properly. Told her that I wasn't a tame cat . . . No, she didn't cry exactly. Said it was obvious, because of course everyone knew I was merely a dirty dog—women never *can* argue fairly. Oh, no, I kept my temper right enough; icy calm and collected—you know the stuff. Fearfully sarcastic, too.

"JUST explained that if she didn't stop barging out to dances and dinners with that fearful tick Jerry Miller, I'd drop her. N-o-o, not exactly. Said that apparently even Jerry had his uses. Didn't bluff me, though. Told her that wasn't all by any means. Said a decent man had to draw the line *somewhere*, and when a girl fairly wallowed in lipstick it gave people a bad impression. No. Just wilfully misunderstood me. What? Oh, something about a really good lipstick, and never left impressions on anyone or anything. My dear fellow, of course I didn't. Never swear at a girl. I made it quite clear, though, that from now on she is absolutely out of my mind. Well, no, she didn't *seem* to be—something silly about no further need to look for herself with a microscope. Pretty feeble, but she must have been too cut up to realise what she was saying, you know. No girl likes to think that a man has absolutely put her out of his thoughts for ever. . . . Oh, yes, I have, old man. I'm not one of those fellows to say one thing and mean another. On my word, and all that, I haven't given her so much as a passing thought since last night . . . Look a bit groggy, do I?

"ROT! What on earth have I got to worry about? *She's* the one to do all the worrying, believe me. Couldn't sleep one wink, that's all . . . Nothing of the sort—it was only the lobster we had for supper at the Embassy last night. Why didn't I make it up on the way home? Good lord, I'm not as weak as all that—why, I didn't even see her back home. Bit rude? Well, haven't I a perfect right to be a bit rude after the way she's been fooling with me?—besides, when I'd got my hat and coat I found she'd pushed off on her own. That's the worst of these Modern Girls—too blooming independent—until they find they've overstepped the mark, and then they're sorry.

"THAT'S where we men have the advantage—a girl never forgets a fellow, but we can forget any girl as easily as winking. What shall I do now? . . . No, I shall *not!* I'm cutting women right out from now on—besides, that sort doesn't interest me . . . I did *not* say she was, curse you! Blasted cheek on your part to hint at such a thing, anyway. Just because a girl is a bit modern and—no, I'm *not* defending her, curse you!

"AND what's more she can *go* to her rotten Jerry Miller when he comes back to Town . . . *What? Back last night?* You blithering idiot, why didn't you tell me? No, of course I'm not interested, only—*what?* A table for two at the Ritz for lunch? You mean to say you heard the hall porter at the club ring up and—Here, give me the 'phone. Hullo! Hullo! Exchange. Welbeck 2461. No. O-N-E, One. Hullo? Is that Welb— Oh, is that you, Maureen, darling? Look here, what about a spot of lunch? Of course I am, dearest. Most awfully sorry. I—half a mo.—I can't hear. There's some silly ass in the room laughing like a lunatic. Shut *up*, Bill!"

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PROMINENT PRUDES IN PUBLIC PLACES

By ROSEMARY

Illustrations by HELEN McKIE

"At the Piccadilly Club"

THERE are many sins lying at the door of the middle-aged, but the one you are most likely to fall over in the dark, because it is so black, is Prudery. This is a vicious practice that consists in going about looking for the worst and hoping to be shocked. The young have no time for it, and the old have forgotten. For, really old people have often very accommodating memories; they let slip quite a lot of things that are better out of the way, and they also succeed in remembering other useful information, such as what they were like when they were young themselves. It is none of it a matter of mere Anno Domini, of course; you can be Peter Pan at forty, or you can be Barrie himself and never attain your majority at all, but if you are a Prude you will be for ever Middle-aged.

AND very uncomfortable it can make the other people. In private life, to a certain extent, an Englishman in his castle can say "Not at home," and so keep the Prudes from the door, but when they are on the prowl in public there is nothing to be done but sit tight and hope they won't do too much damage. One day they may get older and wiser, or forget themselves and grow young again. And meanwhile may the ordinary person keep his head, and not let these people put ideas into it.

FOR the effect of these sallies of Prudery that we are every now and again subjected to is never to the good of anybody. Who is the better for the fact that an author's poems are seized in the post, or that a warrant is issued from Bow Street to arrest all available copies of a new woman writer's novel? The Police will soon be ransacking the homes of luckless reviewers suspected of harbouring their advance copies; running a truncheon through the wardrobe, and putting a foot through the antique chest. Which won't be too much fun for literary households.

BEYOND giving a lot of limelight to books that might, or might not, have got it on their literary merits, no one seems to have benefited. And, indeed, misgivings seize us at the thought of what it may lead to. Mailbag robberies have increased sensationally already. And who can wonder? For what chance otherwise has the ordinary collector when it comes to competing against the Postmaster-General and the Home Secretary in getting hold of One-and-Only editions through the post!

AND our M.P.s! If the book was really as bad as he said it was, Jix (who is, of course, the well-known literary authority) should not have been so free with his offer to lend it to anyone who had a doubt that it was "grossly indecent." We can't have our M.P.s shocked. Sooner would we see our Home Secretary given a dose of hemlock like any Socrates for corrupting the youth.

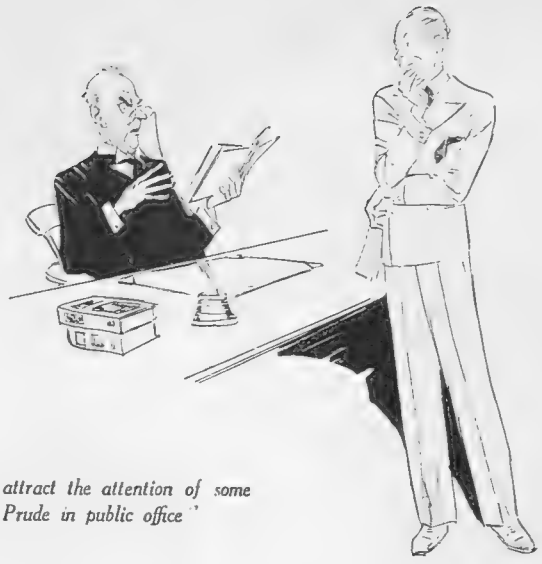
THERE is the aspect of the Ridiculous, too. We don't need much of a mirror to see what sort of appearance we are presenting to the looker-on—both the spectators across the Channel and our own future generations. About the first, it seems a pity that we should go back on our-

selves, as it were. Wasn't it Voltaire who said that it was the freedom to think that had made such excellent books to blossom forth among the English? And as for the latter, what will be said about us in the future we can pretty well judge by what we ourselves say about the Prudes of the past.

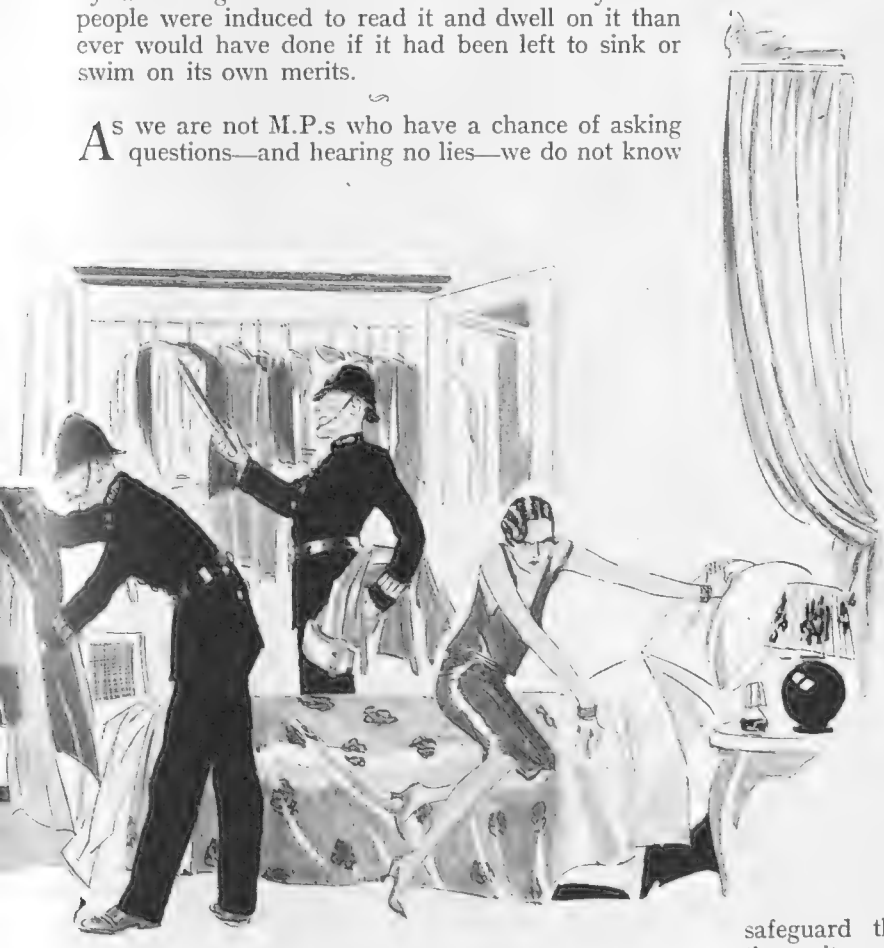
"WHAT was all the fuss about?" we ask. For there, on the library shelf, mixing with the Dickens and the Thackeray set quite as one of themselves, are the scarlet-lettered volumes of the past. In the odour of respectability lean Esther Waters and Tess against each other. Among the dictionaries, because it matches them in bulk, stands "The Heavenly Twins"—beyond which, indeed, there seems to be nothing against it. All are now considered perfectly *virginibus puerisque*. Though R. L. S., they do say, has been ejected from the village library before now for such a title to his book. Which shows what you can really find when you are a Prude going about looking for things.

THAT these books are to be found in good company—even if occasionally pensioned off to an upper shelf—is just another variation on the theme of the survival of the fittest. They are good literature. Other books that came in for all the limelight of the banned have fallen out because they were not literature. There was the John Wilkes of the History books, who wrote a rather nasty little Essay, which got itself publicly burned. It probably deserved it, but the Prudes of the time need not have bothered, as it was no candidate for the Immortals. And the only thing achieved by attracting attention to it was that many more people were induced to read it and dwell on it than ever would have done if it had been left to sink or swim on its own merits.

AS we are not M.P.s who have a chance of asking questions—and hearing no lies—we do not know how really bad these books are, or are not. We just have to take the word of Jix (who is, of course, the well-known literary authority) for it, backed up by the opinion of these enterprising friends of his who periodically send all this undesirable literature to him. If there is to be a literary censorship, it is a little disturbing to guess what precedent they will go on in forming the *personnel*. In France, that eminently logical country, they made their M. Victor Margueritte a Press Censor during the War. Remembering *La Garçonne*, the general idea seems to have been to set a thief to catch a thief. We wouldn't like to inquire if there would be any idea behind making Jix Chairman of the Board of Public Censorship. Probably not; we are not pre-eminently a logical race.



"To attract the attention of some Prude in public office"



"Running a truncheon through the wardrobe and putting a foot through the antique chest"

WHILE the foolishness of seizing literary matter at all is allowed to go, it would be much better to have a proper red-tape censor. He would attract far less attention—after the first rush for the plums of office were over—than do these present amazing "excursions and alarums" of Jix and the Police. All they do is to put a premium on "going too far." If he has any eye to his publicity, and his purse when it comes to the foreign sales, an author cannot help but hope to attract the attention of some Prude in public office. He will make his name. And many who would never have heard of him or his book will read it, and waste quite a lot of thought upon it. If it hadn't been for the publicity they would probably have put it down and forgotten it except for a general impression of boredom.

"HAVE you had a seizure?" as one young author said to another at the Piccadilly Club the other night. And as he hadn't he might as well have walked out into Regent Street and gone home. For there will soon have to be a sort of *Academie Français* formed to safeguard the interests of literary snobbery among the writers who have been sent to Jix (the well-known literary critic) for his special attention.

Rosemary.

FLYING NOTES

LANDING GROUNDS FOR THE CIVILIAN

By CAPT. C. E. WARD

The new and wonderfully comfortable Westland Limousine in full flight. Its passengers included Lady Ryrie, the wife of the High Commissioner for Australia, Sir Ernest Petter, Sir Sefton Brancker, and Mrs. Bruce

Coming Events

THE Easter Meeting of the Cinque Ports Club is being held at Lympne on March 29 and 30. The Manufacturers' Scratch Race is well supported, and entries are reported from Holland and France, both in the professional pilot and private owner events. During the Aero Show in July, which is to be opened by the Prince of Wales, there is a proposal to hold an Inter-Club meeting at Heston Aerodrome, a few miles west of London. Starting with a rally for Clubs and private owners on July 18, this will be followed by a visit to the Exhibition, and by races, including that for the Siddeley Trophy, on the two days following. The Suffolk Club is organising an air display on Easter Monday, for the benefit of its child at Cambridge, which is now blossoming out itself as a full-blown Aero Club.

Air Ports of Call

As the majority of the aerodromes in this country are scheduled "Service — Officers, for the use of — 'Others' under penalty of Air Ministry Form XYZ 327/24 BB in quadruplicate," it is of great interest to note the growth of new civil landing grounds. Within the meaning of the Act, a landing ground is an area which has been surveyed by an approved firm or individual, and licensed by the Air Ministry for use by certain types of aircraft. It ought to be recognised from above by its name, carved in the turf or painted on a roof, and be provided with a "wind-sock," and, if one is lucky, a groundsman. All landing grounds aspire to become aerodromes by the gradual process of interesting private owners, clubs and taxi proprietors in their unique situation, and in the course of time hangars, workshops, lighthouses, wireless and aerodrome hotels will appear. Reading will be one of the first towns in this country to establish a first-class landing ground, situated about three miles east of the railway station. Manchester Corporation has now taken over Chat-Moss, which will be ready for use in September, although a temporary site is available at Wythenshawe. "Northern Airways, Ltd.," a new company to be directed by Mr. John Leeming, will probably establish headquarters at Manchester.

"On the Wings of Progress"

BY the middle of the summer flying will mean something very real and wonderful to 10,000 school children, who are to be taken for flights by Sir Alan Cobham through the generosity of an anonymous donor. The invention of the flying machine has changed and accelerated the whole progress of evolution, and it is only a matter of time before a flight becomes an event in every child's education. The teachers have by far the hardest task under this present scheme, for although every ten children will be accompanied by a master or mistress, it will be their job in advance to choose the lucky children, and no compensation has been arranged so far for swollen head.

As Seen from the Air

THAT the study of geography in all its branches can be assisted by photographs taken from the air is obvious, but a more remarkable application is that to ancient history. A Roman town near Norwich, whose exact situation was doubtful, has been discovered quite accidentally on an aerial photograph. Although the picture was taken when the fields were covered by ripe corn, the situation of streets, temples and gateways are quite clearly defined. In certain soils, especially chalk and clay, any ancient displacement of the ground to any depth remains traceable apparently for ever, and it is possible to detect this from the air quite easily. The Ordnance Survey Map of England, the finest and most accurate map in the world, is at least ten years out of date, taking an average over the whole country. Experiments in revision by air methods have been carried out on a small scale, and it is probable that the entire country will be remapped photographically in a few years' time.

Alfieri

Mrs. Cleaver, the wife of Lieut.-Colonel Spencer Cleaver, beside her Gipsy Moth, "Will o' the Wisp," in which she started a flight to India and back last week. She is the daughter of the Minister of Finance to the Government of Northern Ireland

George IV receiving the keys at Holyrood.

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AT THE PLAY (continued from page 510)

A BORDERER AND A BARBARA

Vaz Diaz, and others in a clever company whose team work is admirable; this play is not one to be missed by those who take an interest not only in the theatre but in life.

"The Borderer" at the Strand Theatre

FASHIONS come and fashions go. At one moment the elect will hug Tcheckov to their bosoms; at another Carl Capek is pronounced by highbrows to be the only dramatist worthy of consideration, and that his dissection of the soul of an amorous flea is the last word in the Beautiful and the True. Those with less lofty foreheads will revel in mystery plays, the greatest mystery being why anyone troubles to write them.

BUT no matter what sort of play may be in fashion there is always a large audience to be found who never tire of cape and sword drama—when that particular brand is produced and played by Fred Terry,

HIS latest venture, *The Borderer*, at the Strand Theatre, is nothing wonderful as a play, and it butchers history to make an entertainment. Nevertheless, thanks to this actor-manager's uncanny knack of making fustian appear the finest velvet, and to the beautiful figure of Mary Queen of Scots, as displayed by Phyllis Neilson-Terry, this should be another popular success added to the Terry *répertoire*.

Mannell

Clare Greet, the veteran actress, whose finished work is an example to many of the younger school. She is now appearing in the revival of Bernard Shaw's "Major Barbara" at Wyndham's Theatre

"Major Barbara" at Wyndham's Theatre

I THINK that *Major Barbara* is the most uneven play which George Bernard Shaw has ever written. In the first act the author "plays for the laugh"—the facile laugh; but in the Salvation Army shelter, in the second act, he is, however, at his very best. This scene is a gem without a flaw. From start to finish it grips, the characters live, it is dramatic, and it carries on the interest.

MY advice to lovers of the drama—as distinct from lovers of Shaw—is to cut short their evening at the theatre—an evening of the average length—and *read* the last act before the fire or comfortably tucked up in bed! Were this suggestion followed, one would not feel so inclined to shout "Hear, hear!" when one character begs the others to "stop making speeches." For the play—*qua* play—had finished long ago.

THE best acting in this revival is in the second act, which is only natural, because it gives the cast most chances. Here Clare Greet, Wilfred Shine, and Gordon Parker—especially the latter—were brilliant. It was in this act, too, that Sybil Thorndike was at her best. I should have preferred more of the business man stressed in Baliol Holloway's picture of the armament manufacturer.

V. W.

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A referee's life's an unhappy one
His troubles start when the game's begun
To bring him cheer, say in his ear,
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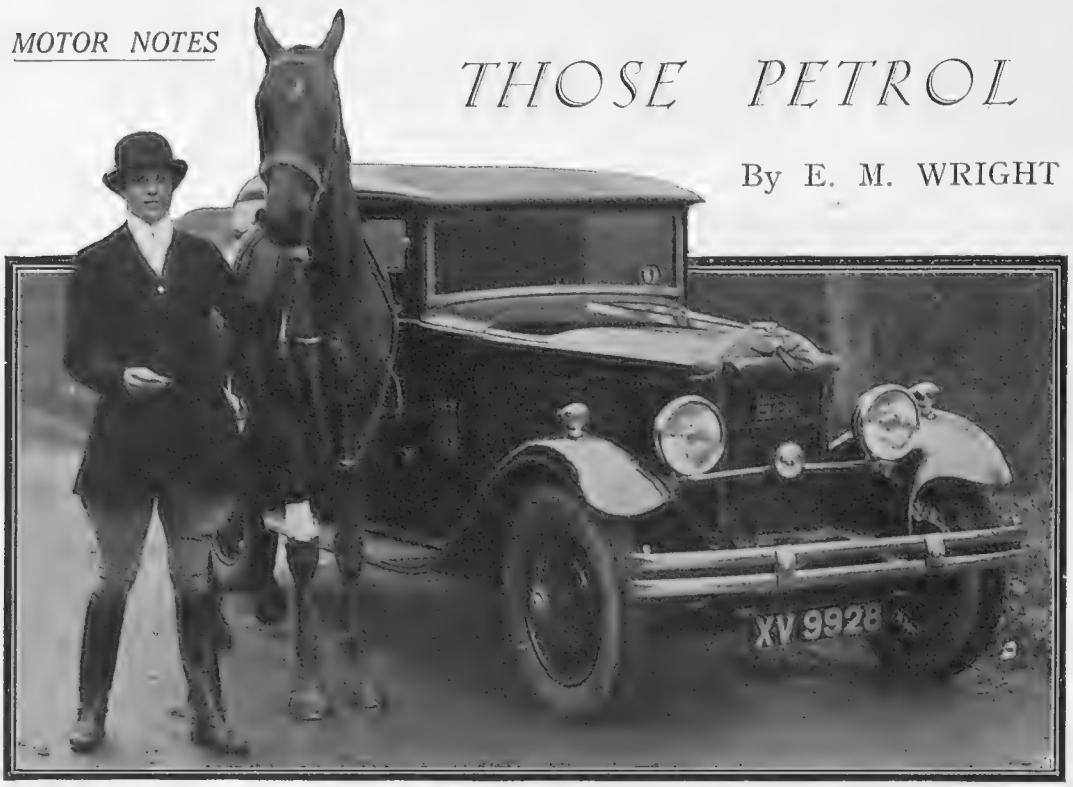
MOTOR NOTES

THOSE PETROL PRICES

By E. M. WRIGHT



Miss Kindersley, with her Citroën six-cylinder Weymann Coupé, snapped at a meet of the Old Surrey and Burstow Hounds at Edenbridge

THE worst feature of the petrol price increase, announced last week, was that it was evidently arrived at by coming to an agreement with semi-official Russian oil concerns, i.e. (as it has been put by one militantly British daily), shaking hands with murderers—and robbers. British investors had placed a good deal of money in Russian oilfields, and on confiscation by the Soviet these investors received no compensation, nor—so far as I know—have they received anything since. Were I one of the victims myself I should probably try to get these lines printed in a sulphurous shade of purple.

***

THE presence of Soviet petrol as an independent competitor on the British market did, at any rate, have the effect of keeping prices down and giving motorists here, including the shareholders aforesaid, so much the more value for their money. But with the loss of the independence of these companies, the last serious competition with the big oil ring disappears. Some consolation is afforded in a statement issued by one of the big companies, to the effect that they are not taking over a gallon of Soviet petrol themselves, and that the terms agreed to with the Russian people will enable a surplus to be handed over to the former owners as compensation. If this really means what it says, it takes much of the sting out of what one would otherwise have to say about the matter, for, frankly, it does not seem a bad arrangement, and, after all, 1*s.* 7*d.* a gallon for No. 1 spirit is still cheaper than the pre-war price.

***

BUT what are we to think of the British benzol producers? When the Chancellor was putting on his petrol tax of 4*d.* a gallon last year, these folk managed to secure immunity for British benzol on the ground that the 4*d.* on petrol only would be in the nature of protection for benzol, and would enable them to compete in price with petrol. Their plea was that they badly wanted every gallon of market that they could get; the coal trade was in a depressed condition, and so forth. Having persuaded the Chancellor accordingly, they promptly clapped on the 4*d.*, instead of using it to compete with petrol prices. If they had been making a profit before—and presumably they had, otherwise they would not have been in business—the extra 4*d.* must have meant an enormous profit.

***

AND now the price of British benzol is again raised "in sympathy" with the new petrol rise. In the name of Old King Coal, what justification is there for this? Can they say it is the cost of collection? If so, collection of what? Is it for hampers for distressed miners, or pianos for impecunious directors? At any rate, it is not the way to get us to buy British benzol or mixtures thereof. The manœuvres of these gentry last year alienated thousands of motorists who were regular users of benzol in one form or another, and, personally, I must say I have never bought a gallon of British benzol ever since. I am perfectly satisfied to buy No. 1 petrol of a first-class brand with anti-knock properties which I know is largely prepared by British labour and capital. If some of the profit does go abroad, I would rather pay that much than submit to the manœuvres of the British benzol producers.

***

An Alvis Six crossing the frozen Rhine near Arnheim. The weather was reported as being the coldest experienced for 200 years, and the river, in some places, frozen twenty-four inches

IF the merits of air-cooling ever needed advertising in this country, our proverbial climate has been carrying out a wonderful campaign for it during the last month. Never have radiator repair shops and welders of cylinder blocks done better business. Consequently the British acquisition of the world rights for the manufacture and sale of an air-cooled engine that has been developed in France, is of considerable topical interest. The engine is the S.A.R.A., which is known in a quiet way to motorists on account of its

(Continued on page 542)

FIFTY FULL-SIZED KENSITAS — IN A TIN WHICH SLIPS SMOOTHLY, NEATLY, INTO YOUR POCKET. NEVER BEFORE COULD YOU CARRY A REALLY USEFUL NUMBER OF CIGARETTES WITHOUT BULGING YOUR POCKET. GET A KENSITAS "FLAT FIFTY" TO-DAY — PRICE 2/6

TEN FOR SIXPENCE - TWENTY FOR A SHILLING

MOTOR NOTES (*continued from page 540*)

achievements in the Twenty-four Hours Endurance Race at Le Mans each year. For six years in succession this single air-cooled entry has finished and qualified, and is the only car of any nationality to have done so.

* *
*

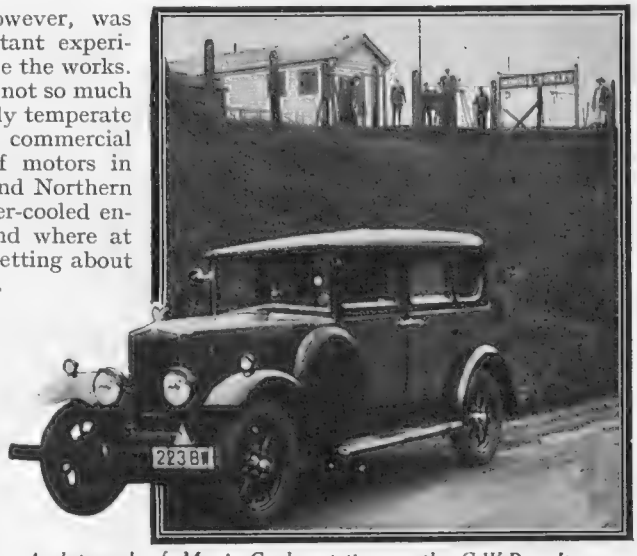
THIS outward activity, however, was but the cloak for important experiments that were going on inside the works. For the scope for air-cooling is not so much on private cars in comparatively temperate climates like ours, as for commercial vehicles, and for all sorts of motors in climates like that of Siberia and Northern Canada, where the use of water-cooled engines is almost impossible, and where at present there is no means of getting about except with horses or huskies.

* *
*

THEN, again, until we can agree with our neighbours not to go to war, there is an enormous demand for air-cooled engines in tanks and other military vehicles, on which a bullet or a shell splinter in a radiator or cylinder block will not put the whole thing out of action. Sir Alfred Mays-Smith is chairman of the new concern, called Air Cooled Motors (Parent Company), Ltd., which has been formed to handle the rights secured by a syndicate of British business men, and the enterprise seems to have a wonderful future.

* *
*

I REFERRED some months ago to the production of a cellulose lacquer for amateur application with an ordinary brush, as a real cellulose lacquer dries so quickly that it can only be sprayed on under pressure. One of the foremost specialists in this type of finish, Messrs. Postans and Morley Bros., Ltd., of Trevor Street Works, Birmingham, were early in the field with a cellulose enamel that could be brushed on, realising that many owners of elderly cars would like to have some means of reaping the advantages of the progress that has been made in motor car finishes. An early test of "Celamel," as it is called, convinced me that the stuff was very easy to apply to small parts and lasted well. About three months ago I took a more ambitious step and had an elderly two-seater repainted completely in this material.



A photograph of Morris Cowley station on the G.W.R. It was opened recently to cope with passenger and goods traffic in connection with Morris Motors (1926) Ltd. It is believed that this is the first time a station has been named after a motor car

* *
*

THE job was done by hand with the ordinary brushes supplied with the "Celamel," and has proved, on the whole, most successful. Except for parts of the bonnet, where long thin cracks appeared almost as soon as the engine was started up after the job (these cracks have not got any worse), the rest of the finish has weathered excellently. The gloss, when worked up with a little wax polish, was really splendid to begin with, and has improved after use. Application was not a difficult job, though naturally one has to be quicker than with ordinary enamel. I am quite proud of some of the larger panels—for instance, the one over the boot at the back; that is to say, where the stuff has been well applied it makes a first-class job. Naturally, there was difficulty at the beadings. If you run a finger-nail along these ridges and so forth you may cause a crack, but, as everyone knows, a body has to be designed for cellulose finish if this cracking at the beads is to be avoided, and this particular car originally received very ordinary paintwork. Practising for once what I preach, I chose a thoroughly modern colour scheme for my test of "Celamel." The body is in a dark blue-grey, the mud wings and chassis are black, and the wheels cream with black centres and edging along the rims; and the effect is wonderfully good.

E. M. W.

By Jove! What a ripping car—whose? Radcliffe's new Marmon "78." He lent her to me the other day . . . d'you know we went down Bond Street at walking pace on top gear? And she accelerates from 10 to 50 m.p.h. within 16 seconds. Wonderful springing, too . . . Janice and I are seriously considering the "68" model.

MODEL "68" *from* £565
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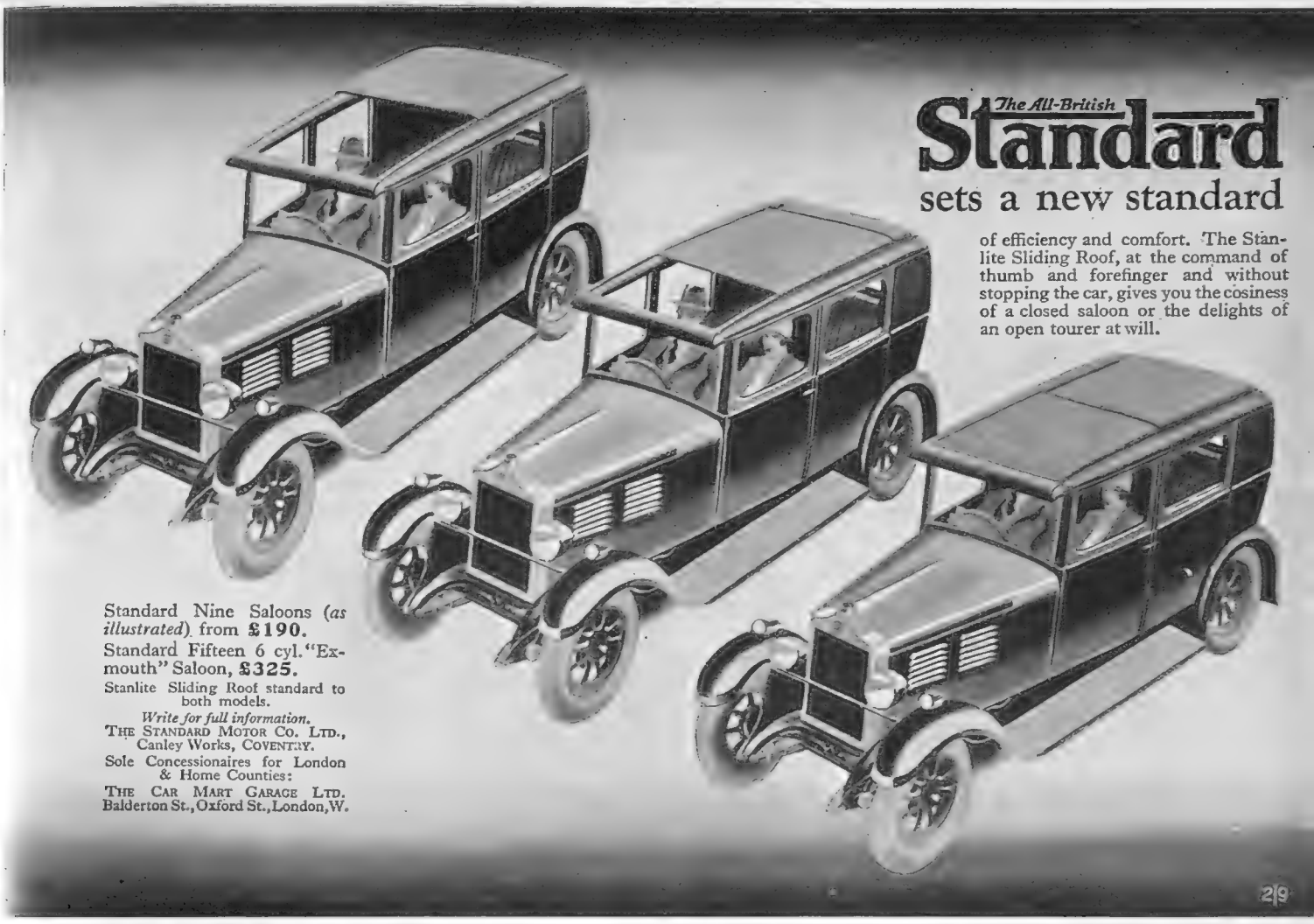
A.J.W.



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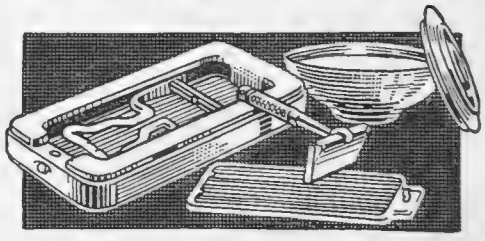

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STROPS AND HONES ITSELF

OLD ENGLISH PLATE

By GERALDINE PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

To talk in detail about the Exhibition of Old English Plate, now being held at Sir Philip Sassoon's house, would require much more space than I am allowed by the Editor. So let us indulge in a few general impressions. Frankly, I was amazed at the size and beauty of this collection. It filled me with pride to think that English silversmiths, from the reign of James I until at least the time of George III, were no mean rivals to their Italian and French predecessors. Could Benventuro Cellini return in spirit to 25, Park Lane, I feel that he would be forced to admit, albeit grudgingly, that here were many pieces he would be proud to have designed.

❋

I was particularly impressed by two tea-caddies and a sugar vase of lovely design and chasing belonging to the period of George II, lent by Her Majesty the Queen. Lord Sackville has lent many beautiful things from Knole, and undoubtedly one of the outstanding exhibits is the extraordinarily handsome Charles II table and mirror. These are entirely encased in silver, magnificently chased with fruits and foliage. In fact, the design on the table stands out in such relief that I imagine it could only be used for decorative purposes; the very idea of placing a dish of tea upon it filled me with terror, and, although both mirror and table are perhaps too ornate for some tastes, they are marvellous examples of the great skill and art of English silversmiths.

Silver of the period of Charles II in the Exhibition. It was loaned by Lord Sackville

There was a smaller and simpler Queen Anne table, also encased with silver, which I thought one of the loveliest things I had ever seen. Next I stood lost in admiration before several immense wine cisterns, but whether my admiration was for their beauty or capacity I cannot be certain.

❋

Above all, my masters, let us of this twentieth century not pride ourselves too much upon the beauty and luxury of the present-day accessories to milady's dressing-table. I was filled with envy by the various wonderful "toilet services" displayed. Most of them consisted of over twenty pieces. One lent by the Duke of Portland, and described as a "William III and Queen Anne Silver-gilt Chased Toilet Service," included beautifully designed caskets for jewels and trinkets, four different kinds of powder-boxes, a lovely mirror which filled my soul with envy, scent-bottles, brushes, trays, candlesticks, and even a pair of curling-tongs! This set was chiefly designed by Nicholas Clausen, but it also contains an exquisite tray designed by Paul Lamerie himself. To own it would fill the most modern woman with infinite pride and joy.

❋

As I left Sir Philip Sassoon's house I felt that this was indeed a wonderful way of collecting for the Royal Northern Hospital. Instead of having to buy a flag, one had seen a unique collection of beautiful plate; for which privilege one would gratefully pay five shillings.

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"It is really an exciting experience . . . that vivid acceleration of the new 4½ litre Invicta. I have never driven a . . . car with as good acceleration.

My favourite top-gear test hill was taken faster than I have ever done it before ... a most impressive exhibition."

John Prioleau in the "Illustrated London News," December 8th, 1928

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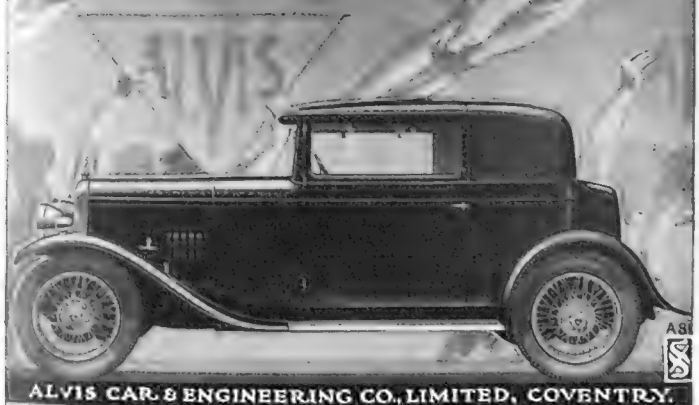

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At the CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY 'CHASES at COTTENHAM

Lord Willoughby de Eresby winning the Hunters Challenge Cup on Prince Henry

Mr. S. M. Pilkington (left), the Hon. A. B. Mildmay and Lord Willoughby de Eresby

Mr. J. M. Palmer's Black Cherry clearing the water jump in the Redcoat race. Mr C. D. Garforth-Bles's Capricorn is seen stumbling after jumping short

NEXT WEEK—

CHELTENHAM MEETING

BY MARJORIE MILLER

THE GOOSE GIRL

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"MEDIUM"
John Player & Sons
Player's Please
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BOOKS AND PEOPLE

HISTORY AND HYSTERICS

By RALPH STRAUS

It would seem that Einstein, as well as Freud, is being found useful just now by imaginative writers, and some very pretty effects can be obtained by the proper use of an up-to-date time-machine. Thirty years ago, Mr. Wells found it advisable to describe the machine which could travel in time, but to-day this is hardly necessary. The hero just *wills* himself backwards or forwards, undimensionally, and the thing is done. Better still, he refuses to die, and if that is not sufficient, he puts his birth back a few hundred years. Quite easy—in books.

❋

One of the prettiest experiments of the kind is to be seen in the published version of *Berkeley Square* (Longmans: 6*s.*), the play by John Balderston and J. C. Squire, which was produced a year or so ago at a London theatre. Since then, however, it has been rewritten, and I see that the new version is to be "presented" immediately at the Lyric Theatre.

❋

Now many people fight shy of reading plays—apart, I mean from theatrical managers, who naturally have no time for such things—but some plays are good to read, and *Berkeley Square* is amongst them. The new version, too, is a great improvement on the old. We still have Peter Standish's step back from 1928 to 1784, when people were not so keen on bathrooms as they are to-day, and we still have the dreadful problem which faces him when he finds that he has fallen in love with a girl living in that "other" time. Nor can the outcome be other than tragic, and so we have the same curtain. But although the fantasy remains much as it was, the story has become clearer, and when Peter quotes Oscar Wilde to his eighteenth-century audience the result is singularly piquant.

❋

There are, however, other experiments of the kind—unfortunately, not quite so successful. Last year there was Virginia Woolf's *Orlando*, wherein the hero began a somewhat unusual, though quite masculine, career in Elizabethan days, changed his sex—you can do this sort of thing without trouble if you travel in time and not space—in the course of a century or so, and is still apparently living a blameless and spinsterish life somewhere in Kent. I enjoyed parts of this book, but could never quite rid myself of the idea that the whole affair, picturesque though it might be, was little more than a "trick," and I feel much the same about a new novel just published called *My First Two Thousand Years* (Duckworth: 10*s.*), by G. S. Viereck and Paul Eldridge.

This is a new and rather startling version of the Wandering Jew legend. It is so new and so startling that they were thinking—so, at any rate, I am told—of censoring it out of existence. Undoubtedly the authorities are not taking kindly to psycho-analysis, and I am not surprised. They do not consider that an "erotic interpretation of history," such as these two American authors are attempting to give us, is quite suitable to our frail and fragile and innocent selves.

Mr. Louis Marlow who has just written a new novel of a very modern kind, entitled "Two Made Their Bed." Last autumn he gave us a totally different type of book in "Mr. Amberthwaite"

Well, I see no reason whatever why this particular novel should run any censoring risks on the usual score, but I might be sympathetic towards any Home Office official who had pluck enough to declare that it ought to be censored on the score of its general ineptitude and dullness. And yet, to be fair, it contains one or two quite magnificent passages. It has one or two extraordinarily good scenes. If only the authors had been satisfied to make their "interpretation" of history slightly less hysterical and very much shorter!

❋

But there it is, the immensely long story of Isaac Laquedem, the contemporary of Christ, who was denied the boon of death, and seems to have spent most of his time running after the ladies, and informing the great ones how they ought to manage their affairs. He meets, amongst others, Pilate, Nero, the cheerful Heliogabalus, Mohammed, Attila, the kind-hearted Gilles de Retz, whom we used to call Bluebeard, poor, misunderstood Don Juan, Pope Alexander VI, Queen Elizabeth and Peter the Great.

❋

He becomes a Roman soldier, an Indian prince, an Arabian deity, and a European baron. He attends a Black Mass, and occasionally seems to be a little uncertain about the sexes of the people he meets. And he is accompanied through the ages by a commendably silent servant called Kotikokura. We are invited to regard him as a symbol of mankind in the hands of its subconscious mind. We are certainly invited to listen to some very plain speaking.

❋

And, as a result, you may feel that the authors have done a very big thing. You may. But I fancy that you will soon find yourself becoming rather bored. There are pages which are inconceivably silly, and pages which seem to get you nowhere at all. And once again I come back to my old point: psycho-analysis is all very well in the consulting-room, but within the pages of a non-medical book it is apt to become tiresome. And where it is tacked on to reincarnation into the bargain—— But enough.

❋

The Wandering Jew is generally called Count de St. Germain, and under this name he is to be found in a new biographical work devoted to one of his nineteenth-century contemporaries. *The Tempestuous Prince* (Longmans: 12*s.* 6*d.*), by Miss E. M. Butler, is the story of Prince Pückler-Muskau, who, just a hundred years ago, was endeavouring to find an heiress in this country to help him retrieve his fortunes. He was, I admit, a picturesque fellow, and I read the first chapter of Miss Butler's well-written book with considerable interest. Here, however, you have—or so it seems to me—almost all that is wanted to-day: his life in outline. The rest of the book, to be frank, is not particularly exciting.

❋

So much for the past. I come to two novels which belong to our own times. You may remember last autumn a curious little book called *Mr. Amberthwaite*, by Louis Marlow. Mr. Marlow has now written another novel, of a very different kind—so different, in fact, that you could hardly believe that the same man was the author of both.

❋

Two Made Their Bed (Gollancz: 7*s.* 6*d.*) is modern, very modern

Miss E M. Butler's new book, "The Tempestuous Prince," is the story of a foreign "Royalty" who came to this country in search of an heiress. The book is a biographical work dealing with a nineteenth century event

indeed. I can even hear sundry good folk saying too modern altogether. Yet nobody in his senses will want to censor this book, even if he finds himself wholly out of sympathy with its heroine. Ruth is one of those girls who believes that women must be *really* free. She has "no use for" marriage and out-of-date conventions of that kind. At the same time she has qualities which one can admire. She is superlatively honest; she hates all oppression; she loathes the hypocrisy which so often disguises itself as "good works."

❋

As a result she has a bad time of it when she comes to London to work amongst "the poor." But she also has her romance, and very beautifully Mr. Marlow unfolds it. It seems to me that this is a distinguished piece of work. It will not be popular, it may be too "uncomfortable" for many people, but it reads like the truth, and its portraits are clear-cut and vivid. It is one of those books which you feel must have been written by a man who felt compelled to write it, and that, unfortunately, is not always the case.

❋

The other novel is *Pluck the Flower* (Dent: 7*s.* 6*d.*) by John Brophy. This is the story of two brothers living in Lancashire who, owing to a girl, are forced to go different ways. It is Paul who seduces her, but the gentler John who marries her. Years afterwards the brothers meet in London, in a big drapery store, and some compensation is made, but the wrong can never be righted, and the two men can never be friends.

❋

I do not like the story very much, but the way in which it is told is delightful. John's adventures in London, the drapery-store scenes, Mary's quiet life—all are very well done. And the writing is so direct and so simple that one does not want to skip. I feel that Mr. Brophy will write a much better book than this one, but there is much in *Pluck the Flower* to recommend it.

R. S.

AUTHORS AND THEIR BOOKS

The Three Couriers. By Compton Mackenzie. (Cassell: 7*s.* 6*d.*)—Further adventures of Commander Waterlow and his secret service agents in a neutral Balkan State during the War. Mr. Le Queux used to tell us what that service ought to be like, but Mr. Mackenzie (with first-hand knowledge) gives us a very different picture. Here, indeed, is shown the more diverting side of wartime sleuthing, and you are kept constantly chuckling. It was all very important, no doubt, and the Balkan State *did* keep out of the War, and good work was done with secret plans, and there was danger around most of the time, but in this book the real interest lies in the author's remarkable portraits and in his charming impartiality. A joyous book.

❋

Good Gesies. By P. C. Wren. (Murray: 7*s.* 6*d.*)—More news about Michael Geste and his brothers in a series of short stories told in Major Wren's usual high-spirited manner. Excitements, the improbabilities that really do happen, real romance, and a spice of humour. And this is probably the last time that Major Wren will use the Foreign Legion for his background, for he has others in his wallet (if you can be said to squeeze a background into such a small object) equally picturesque, and his next book, I fancy, will cause even his warmest admirers to sit up.

THE ASSIST OR RAISE AT CONTRACT

By "ACES EASY"

The "jump bid" at auction was valuable; the "jump bid" at contract is indispensable—otherwise a dealer who bids "One" and is not overcalled is left with a measly contract on which game is out of the question despite his cards. If you can raise your partner, raise him, and raise him as high—up to and including game—as your cards permit. If you can carry a one bid to four, do not bid three to hear what the original bidder has to say. He may have nothing left to say, and you miss a golden opportunity for game.

❋

This does not mean you can assist on hope and faith, but it does most definitely involve estimating your hand accurately, deducing what your partner must hold, adding the two together and bidding the sum total of both hands.

❋

Every bid of one can be assisted only if you have average trump support. This means at least three cards in the trump suit or, if holding only two, ace and one or king and one. Queen and one is not enough. Holding less than normal support in the trump suit and cards big enough to justify an assist, you can either bid another suit or bid no trumps. In the former case your hand must be worth an original bid of one; in the latter, you are at liberty to "bid on the bidding" to a limited extent.

❋

For example, your partner calls "One Spade"; second hand says "No Bid"; you hold Clubs A-K-x-x-x, the ace of hearts, and only two small spades. You bid two clubs. Your partner may then be able to go three no trumps or two hearts. If the former you pass; if the latter you bid three hearts to show your support, and your partner, if a sound caller and short in diamonds, will venture the game contract.

❋

Again, if your partner goes a spade and second hand passes, you hold two small spades, ace-king to six clubs, king-queen and another heart, and ace small of diamonds, you go (*à volonté*) three no trumps or five clubs. On ace to four of one suit, ace to three of another, king-queen to four of the third, and two small of spades you go one no trump.

To raise a bid of one, therefore, one needs average trumps. In addition, one needs two quick tricks. One of the latter may be a ruff, but one top card there *must* be. The rule, of course, takes no stock of freaks when you hold two blank suits and five or six of your partner's trumps.

To jump one to three another quick trick is necessary. To jump to four one must have real strength, and preferably either four cards of partner's suit or three to one of the three top honours.

❋

To jump a two bid is easy; one needs one quick trick, and trump support is unnecessary.

To jump a three bid is difficult, for three originally means a broken suit. One obviously does not need trump length, but one needs either a trump honour and one trick (which will probably give Declarer the chance for a squeeze play) or three quick tricks spread over at least two suits.

A minor bid of four is never made. A major bid of four need never be advanced save to bid for slams—a facet of the game to be considered.

❋

To assist a no trumper from one to two one needs two aces or two king-queens or an ace and a king-queen. Three kings and a jack justify this jump; an ace-queen and a king well guarded warrant it. Two well-guarded kings and a queen-jack may be risked when not vulnerable. To jump a no trumper from one to three one needs a king-jack more or an ace more than to jump from one to two.

NEXT WEEK:

THE TAKE OUT

Her Easter Present

THERE never was a present more pleasing or more prized than a necklet of lovely Ciro Pearls. Every woman needs them and wants them. If you know a woman who is without them, depend upon it, she is waiting for them.

Ciro Pearls are the contribution of modern science to modern chic. Young women and women who stay young, wealthy women and women with less to spend—all are charmed with the charm of Ciro Pearls. You may see a necklet of real pearls costing thousands, beside a necklet of beautiful Ciro Pearls and you cannot say for certain which is which. Come and choose for her or bring her to choose for herself—a rope of Ciro Pearls for Easter.

Photograph of the marvellous Ciro Pearl Necklet 16 inches long, with gold clasp. £1.1.0

✲

AN INVITATION

We shall be pleased upon receipt of one guinea to send you a necklet of Ciro Pearls 16 inches long such as you see here. Keep it for a fortnight and if, on comparison with real pearls, you can find any difference, send them back to us and the money shall be returned.

Send for Ciro Pearl and Jewellery Booklets No. 7, post free.

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DOGS

THE PROSPEROUS COMMUNITY

By "THE KENNELMAN"

THE doggy statistics for 1928, as now available at the Kennel Club, and in the last issue of its invaluable monthly organ, *The Kennel Gazette*, make exceptionally interesting reading for all amateurs of Dogs. In the main they would seem to indicate that now, ten years after the Armistice, the cult of the Dog, in all its various branches—breeding, dealing, keeping, exhibiting, etc.—has achieved equilibrium, after an ordeal which threatened its very existence. The upward climb through the post-War years confounded the Jeremiahs, and astonished the optimists alike, by its rapidity and its unbroken continuity. Now, for the time, the peak seems to have been reached, and equilibrium established at figures three times greater than the highest reached before the War: a remarkable piece of progress, when you remember that the highest pre-War figures (now multiplied by three) represented the recorded development of three-quarters of a century.

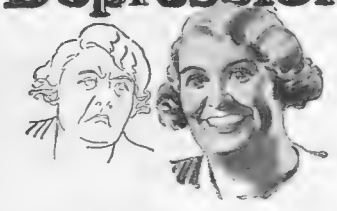
Two Samoyed competitors, John of Arctic and Zero of Arctic, having special attention from their kennelmaids in preparation for their own particular Show. This was held in London last week

THE registrations of pedigree Dogs in 1928 were a few thousand lower in total than those of 1927; but quite half the different breeds—41, to be precise—showed actual increase. These included the beloved Cocker, the Irish Setter, Cairns and Scotties, Dachshunds, Elkhounds, Greyhounds, Dalmatians, and Samoyeds; and, among the little fellows, our old friends the King Charles Spaniels, whose abbreviated noses began to be put a bit out of joint three decades back, as the result of the advent and steadily rising popularity of the Pekingese. Before the War twenty thousand was about the best; and during the War the figure sank almost to vanishing point.

ONCE the vaccine discovered by the Distemper Research Council can be placed on the market, we are likely to hear less of the scourge that has carried off so many of the finest of our canine youngsters in the past. Meantime, it continues to take its toll, and various misleading fallacies regarding it continue to hold their own. The most important thing is to give prompt treatment on the first symptoms or suspicions. Veterinary aid at the first onset generally means cure; but it's only too often of no avail where neglect of first symptoms has let the patient right down. Next, remember in this affliction that nursing plays a bigger part than medicine; and that fatalities often result from allowing a cheery patient to over-tax first hints of returning strength.

DON'T pin your faith to the old illusion that the Dog who's once had it is positively immune from the scourge. Infection is worth avoiding at all times; better sure than sorry. The "over Distemper" guarantee may be given in all sincerity, and have some value, but "The Kennelman" feels it only right to say that he has known Dogs develop it a second time, and die of it.

Depression



"I am a different woman"

"Two years ago I began to get depressed and everything was too much trouble for me. I was a misery to myself and everyone around me. I was advised to take Glauber Salts by my friends, who said it was the same as Kruschen, but it did me no good, so at last my husband got me a bottle of Kruschen and no one would realise the different woman I am. I have been taking Kruschen now constantly for two years, and my husband has spread its worth widely in London and down here."

9th January, 1929.
Mrs. G.A.K., Chiddingly, Sussex.

The commonest cause of depression is *partial* constipation—an insidious complaint because the sufferer is seldom aware of it. It means the gradual accumulation of body poisons which dull the mind, damp the spirits, sap the nervous strength and lower the whole vitality. Kruschen Salts make constipation impossible. Therefore, if you keep to Kruschen, you need never know the meaning of melancholy; never feel "nervy" or depressed. Get a bottle of Kruschen at your chemist's to-day.

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Good Health for a Farthing a Day

Every chemist sells Kruschen in 6d., 1s., and 1s. 9d. bottles. A 1s. 9d. bottle lasts three months—a farthing a day for health and happiness. Start to-morrow.

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Just the Ticket—with a punch in it too!—

Hot OXO

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ABOUT

the dual action of this Non-Carbolic Dog Wash. It cures parasitic skin diseases and has *also* a guaranteed lethal effect upon fleas and lice. Prevents re-infestation, too. For these reasons famous dog breeders and exhibitors use only

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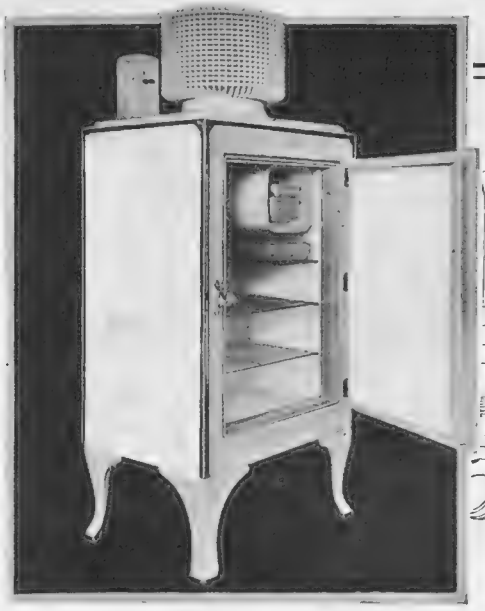

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Spend Easter at BOURNEMOUTH

The centre of health & Sunshine

PYJAMAS have no GENDER

Specially Sketched by HELEN McKIE

SOFTLY FEMININE IN THE BOUDOIR

GONE is the time when pyjamas were considered to be the prerogative of men. To-day everybody wears them. Exotic creations in heavy satin rival others which are tailored with masculine perfection for informal wear. "Amusing" designs which may be demure or daring are favoured for Beach. While in the boudoir such ensembles as the

TAILORED FOR THE COCKTAIL HOUR

one sketched above reign supreme. The pyjamas are of pink satin trimmed with lace, and the coat is of georgette similarly adorned. The ruched collar and graceful sleeves are points of interest. They come from Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly Circus, and so does the Tam o Shanter cap of rows of lace

The Gossard Line of Beauty . . . .

Ever and always the desire of the well-dressed woman is " to be feminine — to be youthful." The fashionable clear-cut figure line of the woman who is Gossard-corseted comes from the superb designing of Gossard foundation garments. Gossard designers are artists and stylists : their models are famous for inimitable smartness and perfection of fit. It is not too much to say that no other garments compare with Gossards for their superb individual designing, their perfect ability to blend figure with frock, and their remarkable supporting qualities.

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DAY DRESSES HAVE A PIQUANT AIR

Cleverly manipulated pleats lend an ingenuous air to this Patou model, which comes from Contessa. It is made of silk marocain in a lovely shade of blue

A Demure Robe d'Après Midi

At the recent Paris showings a great deal of attention was focused upon afternoon dresses. Each of the well-known *couturiers* had certain novel suggestions to make, and the result was that, while a *svelte* outline characterises all of them, there is no other hint of uniformity. Patou sponsors the dress sketched on this page, which is made of silk marocain in a lovely blue nuance. The chief of its several points of interest is the arrangement of the double skirt. The pleats are stitched half-way down to the knee, and are caught up at the back to form a quaint drapery. This *motif* is repeated in the circular yoke and on the sleeves. The collar and the cuffs are of beige *suède* georgette, on which is imposed *rouleaux* of the marocain. It is at present sojourning at Contessa's, 116, Knightsbridge. Here, too, are to be found delightful *ensembles* for the spring and an altogether fascinating collection of Schiaparelli's newest jumpers.

Two shady baku hats, one with an inset of blocked tulle, and the other trimmed with stitched linen, from D. H. Evans. Also a charming version of the newest felt toque

Sketches by Beta

A Faultless Foundation

New lines in dresses necessitate new designs in foundation garments. The latest models made by the House of Gossard show waistlines that are almost as high as those of Empire gowns. Solitaires, instead of being cut to give a flat effect, are shaped at the top, giving the figure a natural appearance, and those that are destined for evening wear are cut very low at the back in deference to the backless gown vogue. So perfectly are these solitaires cut that, except for heavy figures, they are boneless. In cases where a good deal of support is needed a belt fastens beneath the solitaire. There are Gossard models for schoolgirls and for sports wear, satin or *crêpe de Chine* wrap-rounds for dancing, and, in fact, foundation garments for every occasion and every sort of figure.

Brims Have a Tale to Tell

Nothing influences more the apparent age of a woman than the hat she wears. It is, therefore, good news that many of the spring models are decidedly youthful-looking. Such a hat is sketched at the head of this page. It is made of black baku, a band of pale blue stitched linen encirling the crown, with the twisted ends arranged at the side. The graceful brim is infinitely becoming. The second hat of black baku has an inlet panel of blocked tulle. The brim is caught under above the left eye, and its sole decoration is two small ornaments of jet and *diamanté*. D. H. Evans, of Oxford Street, are responsible for them both, and also for the felt toque, which reverses the usual order of things by having a brim at the back and none in front! The cleverly folded end, which is passed through a slot half-way up the crown, gives it a final touch of distinction.

Three Piece Suit of WOOLLEN STOCKINETTE

THE jumper, which has long sleeves, is made with Lace Stockinette in a colour to tone with the coat and skirt. In nigger/camel, covert/fawn, lido/grey, grey/light grey, navy/grey, or black/grey.

Women's Size, Price
79/6
Outsize, Price
89/6

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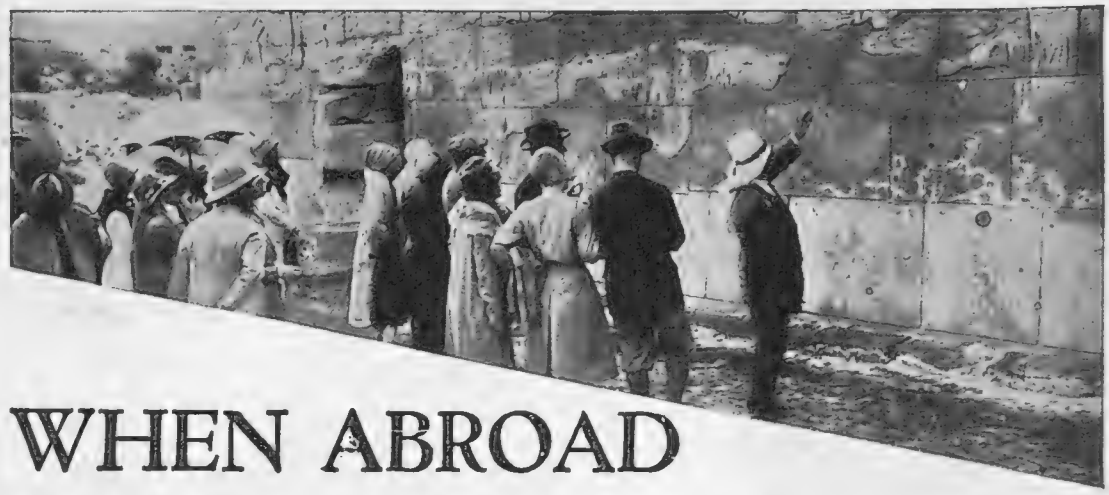

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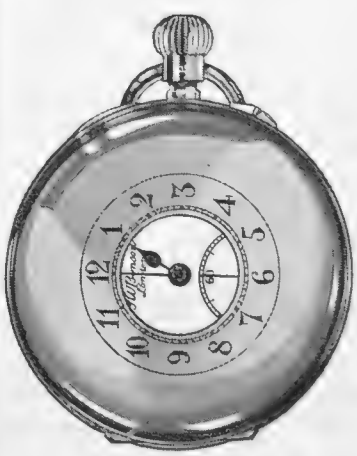

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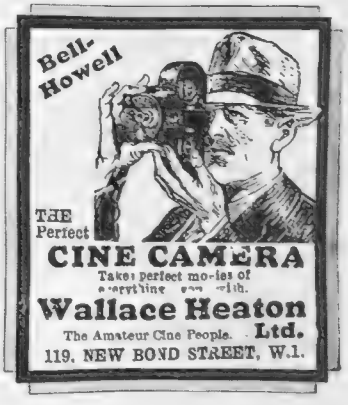

THE GOURMET

Conducted by EMILIA

Saumon Grillée—Sauce Tartare

PROCURE the middle cut of salmon, divide into slices three-quarters of an inch thick, dip each slice of fish in flour, and brush over with sweet oil. Place the slices of fish between a previously oiled gridiron, and grill them over a clear fire or under the gas deflector. Allow about ten minutes for each slice to cook. When done, dish up, garnish with cut lemon and parsley, and serve with the following sauce:—

SAUCE TARTARE.—Beat up the yolks of two eggs, add a pinch of salt, pepper, and a tablespoonful of Tarragon vinegar. When well mixed stir in a teaspoonful of made mustard, the same of parsley, and a few capers finely chopped.

Tournédos

SLICE about 2½ lb. of fillet of beef and cut it in rounds half an inch thick, trimming them neatly. Flatten them out with a wet knife, season them with salt, pepper, minced mushroom and parsley, and *sauté* them in a well-buttered pan for five minutes, turning them over in the process. Have ready as many round *croûtons* of fried bread as you have *tournédos*, brush these over with glaze, dust them with minced mushrooms, parsley, and pepper, put a slice of baked tomato on each, then a *tournédo*, and serve very hot, with a rich brown sauce round them. Peas and potatoes *sautés* should accompany this dish.

Le Dîner Menu

HORS D'ŒUVRE VARIÉS

OR

GRAPE FRUIT AU MARASCHINO.

PETITE MARMITE.

SAUMON GRILLÉE.
SAUCE TARTARE.

TOURNÉDOS.
POMMES SAUTÉS. PETITES POIS.

GUINEA-FOWL RÔTI.
SEAKALE SALAD.

MACEDOINE DE FRUITS.

DEVILLED PRAWNS.

CAFÉ. - DESSERT.

Guinea-fowl Rôti

HAVE a guinea-fowl larded, which any poulterer will supply; roast it carefully and baste plentifully, as it is by nature a very dry bird; dish up garnished with water-cress, and serve with Espagnole sauce. This is a brown sauce with wine, flavoured with ham and with herbs. Serve the guinea-fowl with seakale salad.

Seakale Salad

POUR into a deep pie-dish some cream and a little Tarragon vinegar; cut the seakale into pieces and place them in the cream twelve hours before using; have some endive and lettuce prepared ready, and put in a salad-bowl with the seakale and cream on the top. A little cut beetroot is an improvement to a delicious salad.

Devilled Prawns

CUT about a dozen prawns in small pieces, sprinkle with cayenne, and then add a dessertspoonful of chutney, a little melted butter, and one tomato cut up small. Stew these over the fire or gas, stir till boiling, and add a little made mustard. Have ready small squares of fried bread, put some of the devilled prawns on each, and sprinkle over a little finely chopped parsley. If fresh prawns are unobtainable, the tinned variety are excellent for this savoury.

By Appointment

So easy to prepare

Hot water and a packet of Chivers' Jelly—nothing else is required to provide a delicious dessert that not only looks good and tastes good, but is *really* good. A more elaborate recipe can be made with the same certainty of success. Housewives with the happy faculty of putting irresistible appeal into every meal, always use

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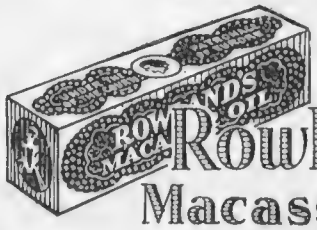

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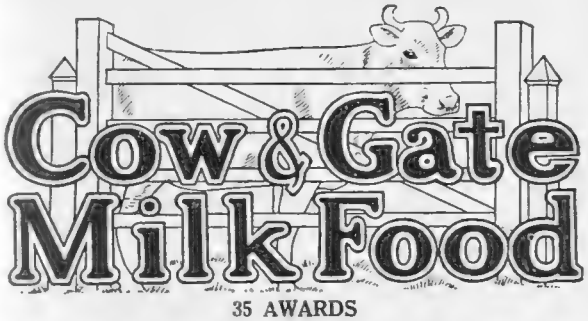

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THE EDITOR'S BOX

MR CLIFFORD HALL

An exhibition of his oil paintings is now open at the St. Martin's Gallery

An Interesting Exhibition

An exhibition of oil paintings by Clifford Hall is being held at the St. Martin's Gallery, 33, St. Martin's Court, Charing Cross Road, from March 1 to 21. It is open from 10 a.m. to 7 p.m., and admission is free. Above is a photograph of Mr. Hall.

Special Summer Cruises

The Blue Star Line, whose new passenger service to South America direct from London has been such a pronounced success (whilst the number of distinguished travellers they have carried to and from that delectable island, Madeira, is enough to fill a volume of Debrett), now announce the inauguration of special summer cruises by their luxury steamer "Arandora," which is being withdrawn from the South American service and specially equipped for cruising on the most luxurious lines. Amongst the additions to the already beautiful "Arandora" is a new ballroom, as well as new winter garden, extended promenade decks, and the addition of some hundred extra cabins, making her total passenger complement approximately 350. She is the largest vessel afloat devoted entirely to first-class pleasure cruising. The cruises—which start on June 15—comprise 13-28-day trips to the Norwegian fjords and northern capitals, followed by special cruises to the Mediterranean and the Holy Land, and embracing all the chief points of interest along the route. All particulars can be obtained from the Passenger Office, 3, Lower Regent Street, S.W.

The Railway Poster Show

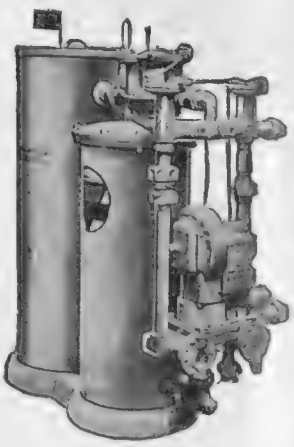
The L.N.E.R. announce that the seventh Annual Exhibition of Poster Art will be held in the new Burlington Galleries from March 13-21, inclusive. Open only on weekdays, from 11 a.m. till 5 p.m, admission is free. On March 13, at 11 a.m., the exhibition will be opened by the Right Hon. Lord Dewar, and over one hundred subjects by artists, including Academicians, will be shown.

Fighting 'Flu

When we talk of "fighting" influenza, we are not employing a metaphor. A very realistic war *is* continuously going on between the human body and the germs that invade it. To fight the germs the human blood manufactures an army of what scientists call "anti-bodies." We are "ill" when the germs outnumber the anti-bodies. To escape 'flu, or any other disease, we need to increase the number of anti-bodies, and to reduce to a minimum the number of germs we take into the body. Now germs multiply in warmth and damp, but cold or heat kills them, particularly dry cold or heat. Cold air will be almost free of germs. That is why ventilation is important. Similarly, food that is kept in refrigeration, preferably in electrical refrigeration because it is dry, will be pure; whereas food kept in ordinary larders, which are always damp and never cold *enough*, will be germ-laden. A Frigidaire in the kitchen, providing permanently, automatically, an intense, dry cold, is therefore one of the finest possible defences against 'flu and all illness.

The "Duro" Water Softener

This is the only *automatic* water softener on the market. It is guaranteed and requires no attention for generating the mineral, rendering regular daily service for years. Any degree of hardness of water can be easily dealt with, and water is supplied in unlimited quantities at all times, including regenerating periods. This invaluable apparatus, which is made in various sizes, is put on the market by Messrs. Drake & Gorham, Ltd., 36, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.



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MODEL COAT in fine hopsack, trimmed embroidery and openstitch and collar and cuffs of crêpe de Chine. In many delicate shades. Price for 16" **5 Gns.**

FANCY STRAW HAT to match, with rings of tiny flowers. Price **46/9.**

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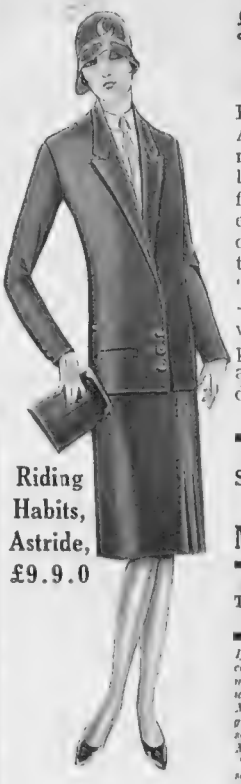

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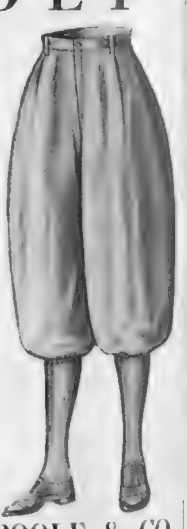

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This hat can be had in all sizes and colours and will be sent on approval.

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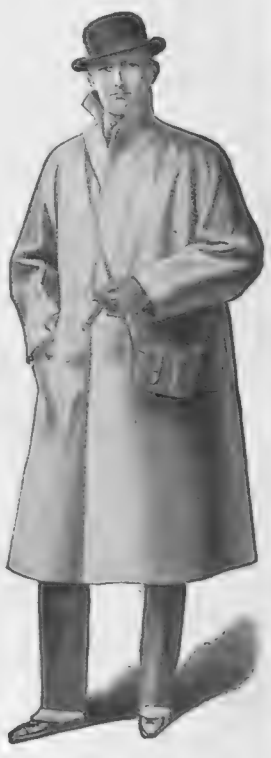

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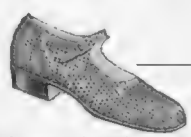

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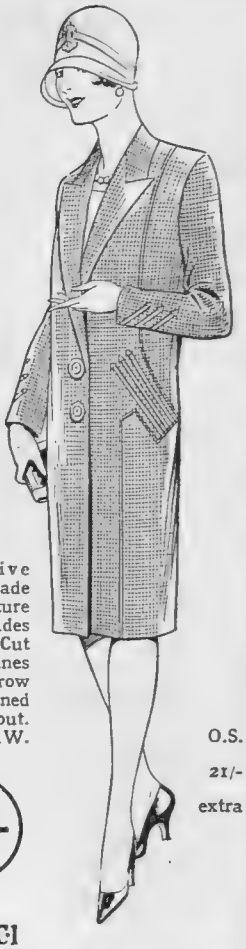

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Sir Edward : " Why, what happened ? "

Travers : " Well, as you know, I had two other accounts besides ' Duggie's '— each with £100 limit. I lost last week to all three ; made out my cheques on Monday ; put them in my pocket, but foolishly forgot to post them till lunch-time Tuesday."

Sir Edward : " That's the day I told you to back ' Cinders,' isn't it ? "

Travers : " Yes. I 'phoned the first two agents to invest a ' pony ' each way. They both rather bluntly pointed out that my cheques had not been received ; neither would accept my excuse or bets. Then I 'phoned ' Duggie.' "

Sir Edward : " How did you get on with him ? "

Travers : " I had the pleasure of talking to Stuart himself. After hearing my explanation he unreservedly accepted my assurance that the cheque was in the post and gladly took my commission—in fact, he asked me whether I required any more. As ' Cinders ' won at 100–15, it made a nice difference, and my thanks are due to you for two good tips."

Sir Edward : " I hope your experience has taught you a lesson ! "

Travers : " Well, as you know, I never like having ' all my eggs in one basket,' but in future it's ' Duggie ' every time for me."

Sir Edward : " Fine ! What you tell me *makes me even more enthusiastic* about ' Duggie.' "

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